SELECT
Muſicall Ayres
AND
DIALOGUES,
In Three BOOKES.

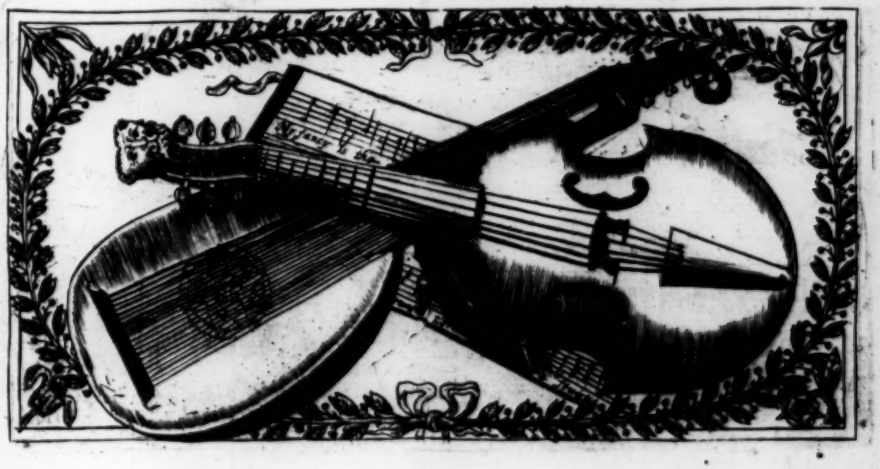
Firſt Book, containes *AYRES* for a Voyce alone to the Theorbo, or Baſſe Violl.

Second Book, containes Choice *DIALOGUES* for two Voyces to the Theorbo or Baſſe Violl.

Third Book, containes ſhort *AYRES* or *SONGS* for three Voyces, ſo Compoſed, as they may either be ſung by a Voyce alone, to an Inſtrument, or by two or three Voyces.

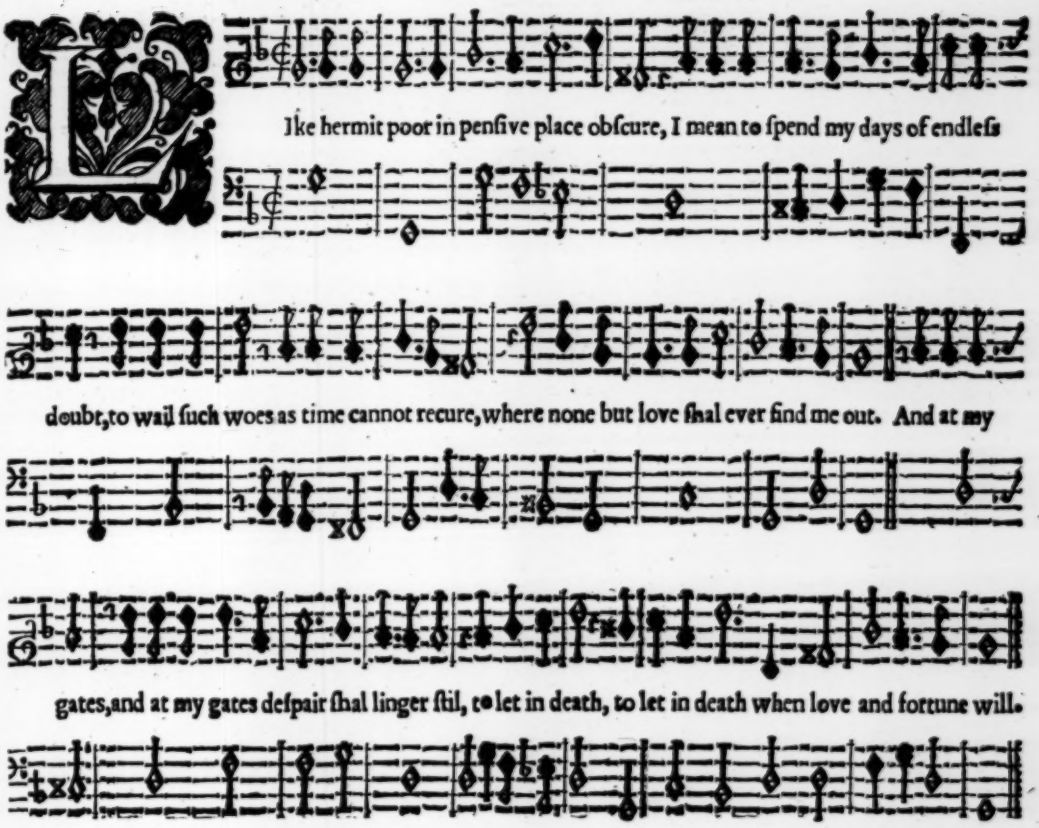
Compoſed by theſe ſeverall Excellent Maſters in Muſick, *Viz.*

Dr. *John Wilſon*,
Dr. *Charles Colman*,
Mr. *Henry Lawes*,
Mr. *William Lawes*,
Mr. *William Webb*.
Mr. *Nicholas Lanneare*,
Mr. *William Smegergill alias Cæſar*,
Mr. *Edward Colman*,
Mr. *Jeremy Savile*.



LONDON,

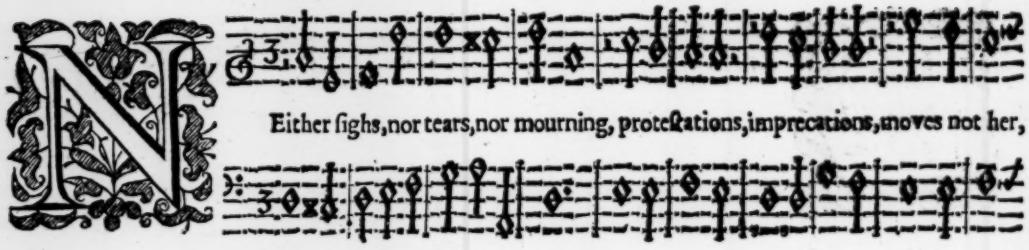
Printed by *T. H.* for *John Playford*, and are to be ſold at his Shop, in the Inner Temple, neare the Church doore. 1653.

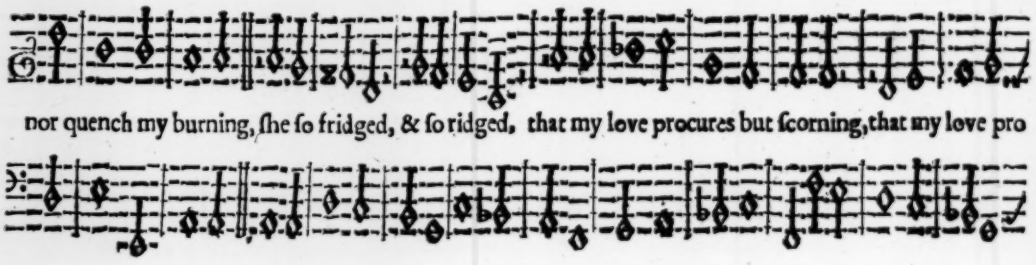


Mr. *Nich Laneare.*

A Gown of gray my body ſhall attire,
My ſtaffe of broken hope whereon I'le ſtay,
Of late repentance linkt with long deſire,
The Couch is fram'd whereon my limbs I lay.
And at my gates, &c.

My food ſhall be of care and ſorrow made,
My drink nought elſe but tears faln from mine eyes,
And for my light in this obſcure ſhade,
The flame may ſerve, which from my heart ariſe.
And at my gates,

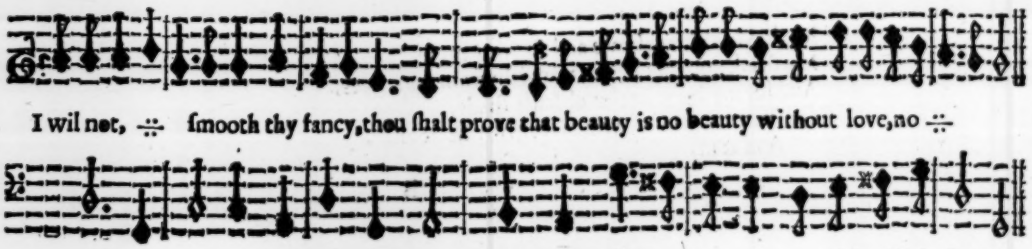




When I follow her ſhe flies me,
Swiftly running
With more cunning
Then the Hare or Bird that ſpies me,
Still diſdaining
My complaining,
And to heare my griefe denies me.

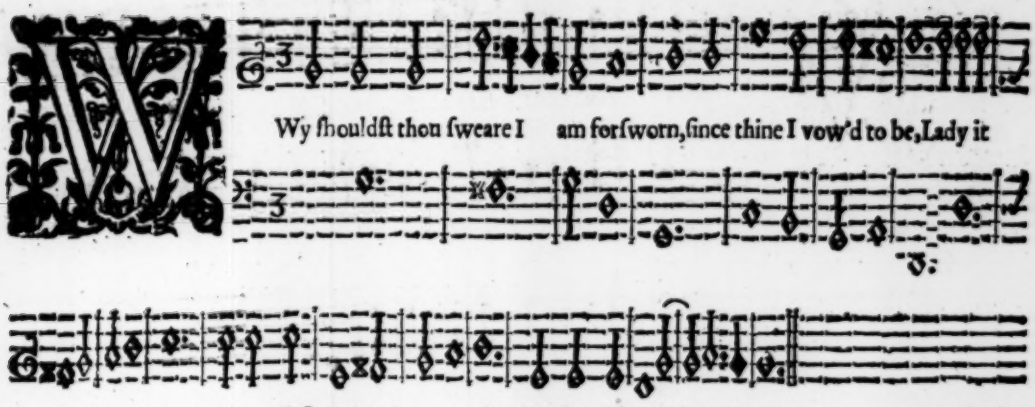
Say alone, muſt it be ſo then?
Shall ſhe glory in my ſtory,
In my ſtory,
And I unrevenged go then?
Prithee Cupid
Be not ſtupid,
Bend in my defence thy Bow then.

Mr. *Nich. Laneare.*



Yet love not me, nor ſeeke thou to allure
My thoughts with beauty, were it now divine;
Thy ſmiles and kiſſes I cannot indure,
I'le not be wrapt up in thoſe armes of thine.
Now ſhew it if thou be a woman right,
Imbrace, and kiſſe, and love me in diſpite.

Mr. *Nich. Laneare.*

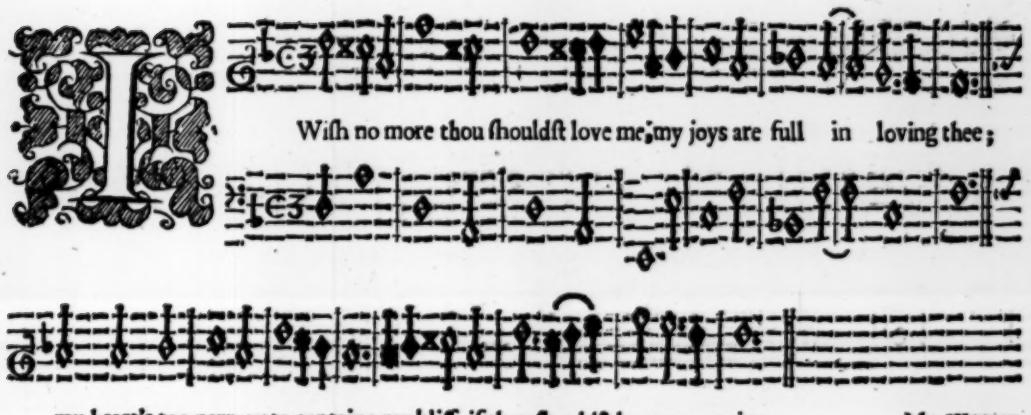


Wy ſhouldſt thou ſweare I am forſworn, ſince thine I vow'd to be, Lady it is already mourn, it was laſt night I ſwore to thee, this fond impo-ſſi-bi-li-ty. Mr. *Charlet.*

Have I not lov'd thee much and long,
A tedious twelve houres ſpace,
I ſhould all other Beauties wrong,
And rob thee of a new imbrace,
Should I ſtill dote upon thy face.

Not that all Joyes in thy browne haire
By others may be found:
But I will ſearch the black, the faire,
Like skilfull Mineraliſts that ſound
For treaſures in unplowed ground.

Then if when I have lov'd thee round,
Thou prove the pleaſant ſhee,
In ſpoyle of meaner Beauties crown'd,
I laden will return to thee,
Ev'n fated with variety.

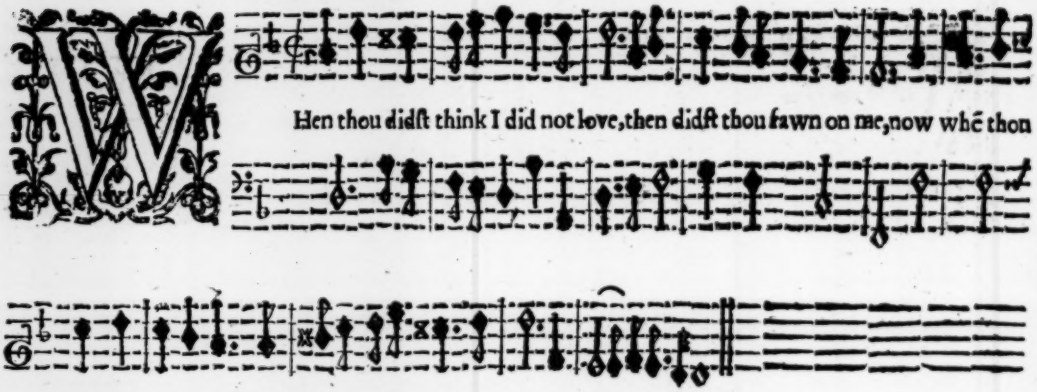


Wiſh no more thou ſhouldſt love me, my joys are full in loving thee; my heart's too narrow to containe, my bliſſe if thou ſhouldſt love me a-gaine. Mr. *Warner.*

Thy ſcorn may wound me, but my fate
Leads me to love, and thee to hate;
Yet I muſt love while I have breath,
For not to love were worſe then death.

Such mercy more thy fame ſhall raiſe,
Then cruell life can yield thee praiſe;
It ſhall be counted who ſo dies,
No murder, but a ſacrifice.

Then ſhall I ſue for ſcorn or grace,
A lingering life, or death embrace;
Since one of theſe I needs muſt try,
Love me but once, and let me dy.

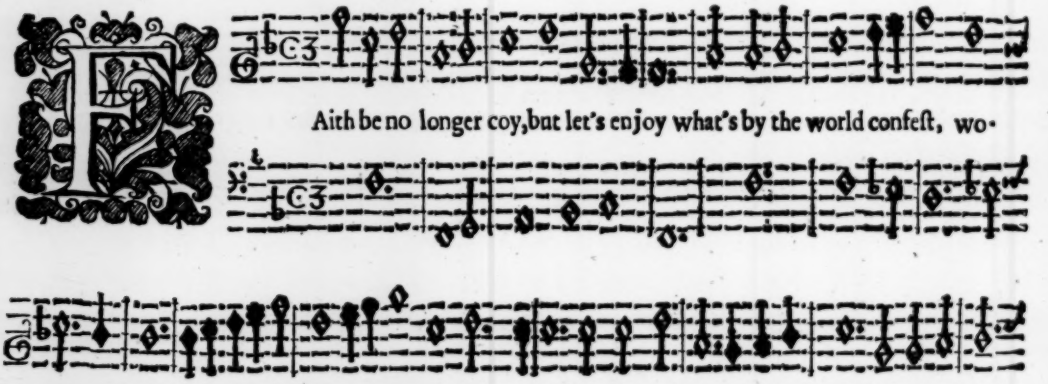


What way to fix the Mercury of thy ill fixt mind,
Me thinks it were good policy for me to turn unkind,
to make thee kind.

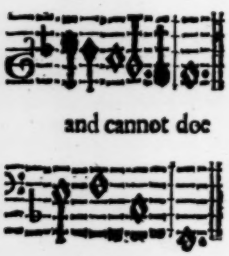
And though I might my ſelfe excuſe with imitating thee,
Yet will I no example uſe that may bewray in mee
lightneſs to bee.

Nor will I yet good nature ſtain to buy at ſo great coſt,
She which before I did obtain, I make account almoſt
my labour loſt.

But ſince I gave thee once my heart my conſtancy ſhall ſhow,
That though thou play the womans part & from a friend turn foe,
men do not ſoe.

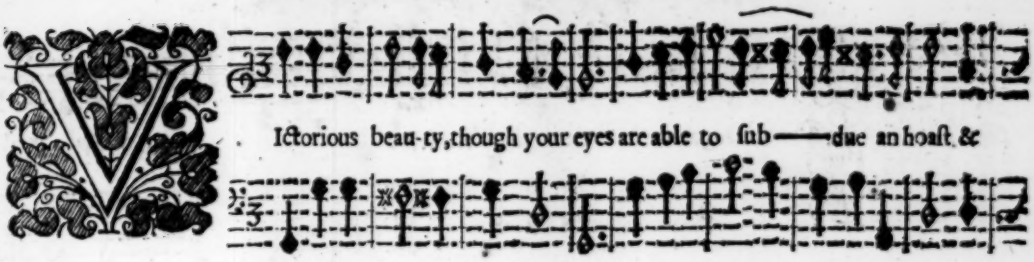


Mr. *William Lawes.*



Do'ſt think that nature can
For every man,
Had ſhe more skill, provide
So faire a Bride:
Who ever had a Feaſt
For a ſingle Gueſt?
No, without ſhe did intend
To ſerve the husband and his friend.

To be a little nice
Sets better price
On Virgins, and improves
Their ſervants loves,
But on the riper yeares
It ill appeares:
After a while you'l find this true,
I need provoking more then you.



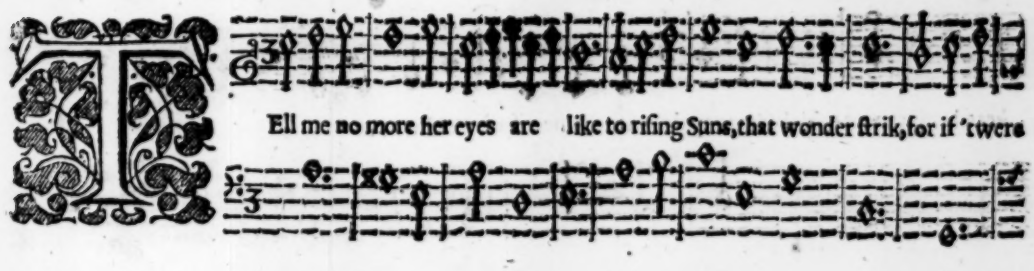
Mr. *William Webb.*

I came alone, but yet ſo arm'd
With former love, I durſt have ſworne
That as that privy coat was worne,
With characters of beauty charm'd,
Therby I might have ſcap't unharm'd.

But neither ſteele, nor ſtony braſſe
Are proofes againſt thoſe looks of thine,
Nor can a Beauty leſſe divine,
By any heart be long poſſeſt,
Where you intend an intereſt.

The Conqueſt in regard of me,
Alas is ſmall, but in reſpect
Of her that did my Love protect,
Where it divulg'd, deſerv'd to be
Recorded for a Victorie.

And ſuch a one, as chance to view
Her lovely face, perhaps may ſtay,
Though you have ſtole my heart away;
If all your ſervants prove not true,
May ſteale a heart or two from you.



Mr. *William Lawes.*

Tell me no more her breſts do grow
Like riſing Hils of melting Snow;
For if 'twere ſo, how could they lye
So neer the Sun-ſhine of her eye?

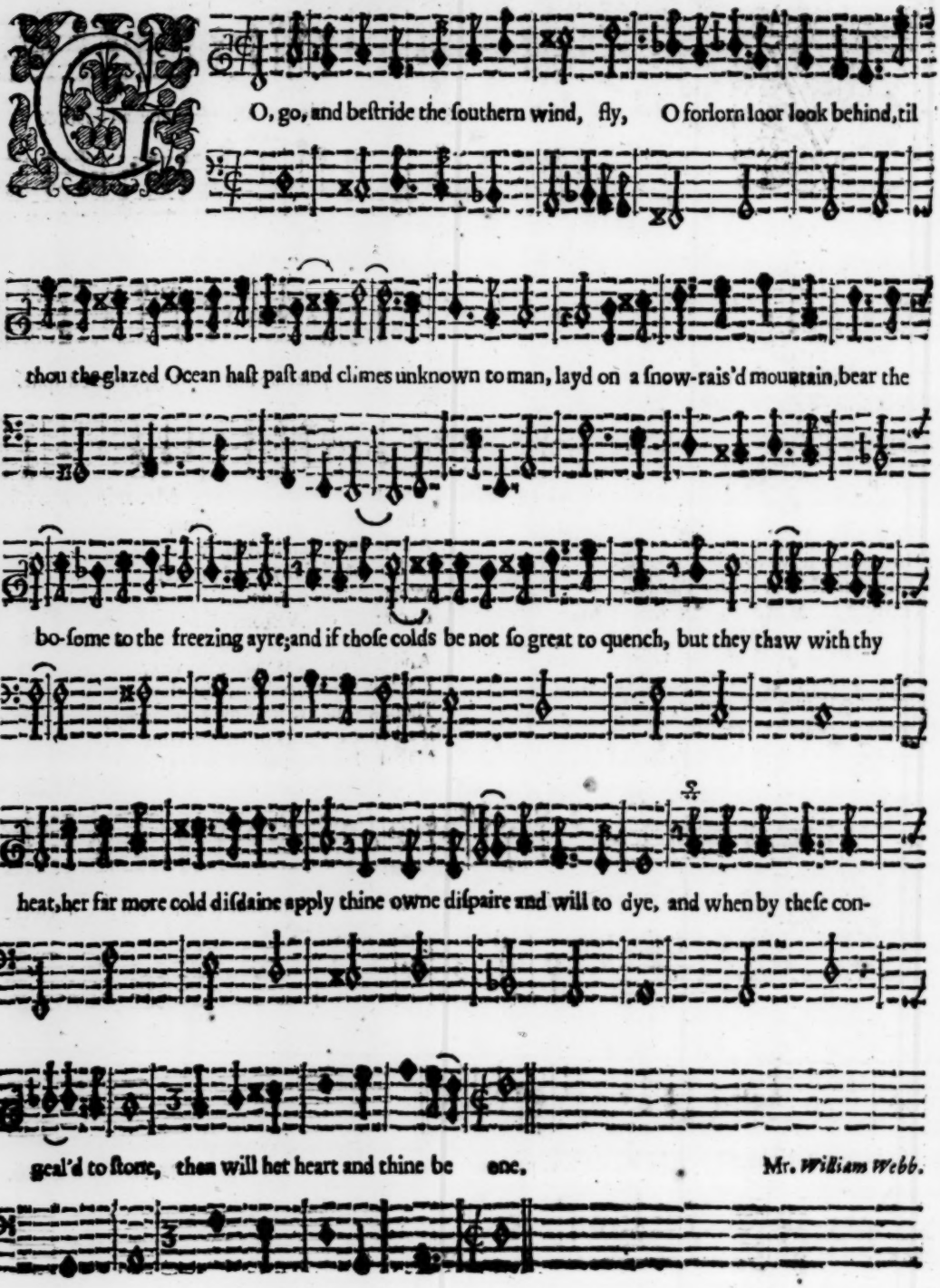
Tell me no more the reſtleſſe ſpheres
Compar'd to her voyce, fright our eares;
For if 'twere ſo, how then could death
Dwell with ſuch diſcord in her breath?

No, ſay her eyes Portenders are
Of ruine, or ſome blazing ſtarre,
Elſe would I feele from that faire fire
Some heat to chearish my deſire.

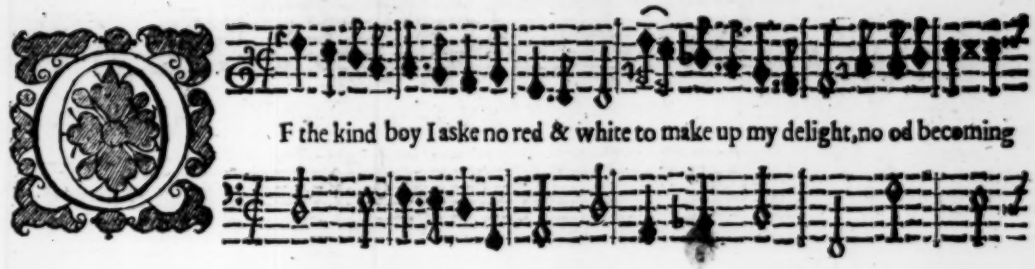
Say that her breſts, though cold as Snow,
Are hard as Marble, when I wooe,
Elſe they would ſoften and releat
With ſighs inflamed, from me ſent.

Say that although like to the Moone,
She heavenly faire, yet chang'd as ſoone;
Elſe ſhe would conſtant once remaine,
Either to pity, or diſdaine.

That ſo by one of them I might
Be kept alive, or murther'd quite;
For 'tis no leſſe cruel there to kill,
Where life doth but increaſe the ill.



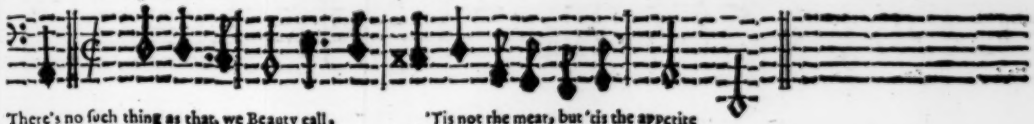
Mr. *William Webb.*



O F the kind boy I aske no red & white to make up my delight, no od becoming

graces, black eyes, or lit-tle know not what's in faces, make me but mad enough, give me good ſtore

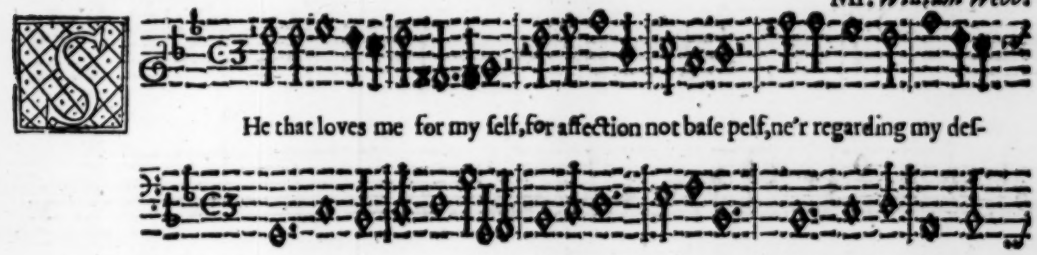
of love for her I court, I aske no more, 'tis love in love that makes the ſport. Mr. *William Webb.*



There's no ſuch thing as that, we Beauty call,
It is meer couzenage all;
For though ſome long ago
Lik't certain colours mingled ſo and ſo,
That doth not tie me now from chuſing new,
If I a fancy take
Too black and blew,
That fancy doth it Beauty make.

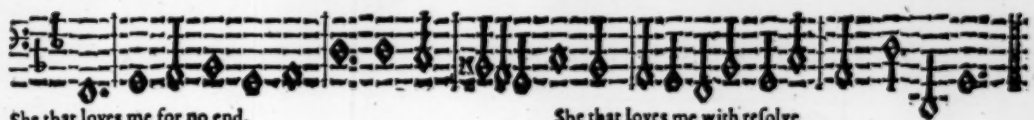
'Tis not the meat, but 'tis the appetite
Makes eating a delight;
And if I like one diſh
More then another, that a Pheſant is:
What in our Mattches, may in us be found,
So to the height, and nick
We up be bound,
No matter by what hand or trick.

Mr. *william Webb.*



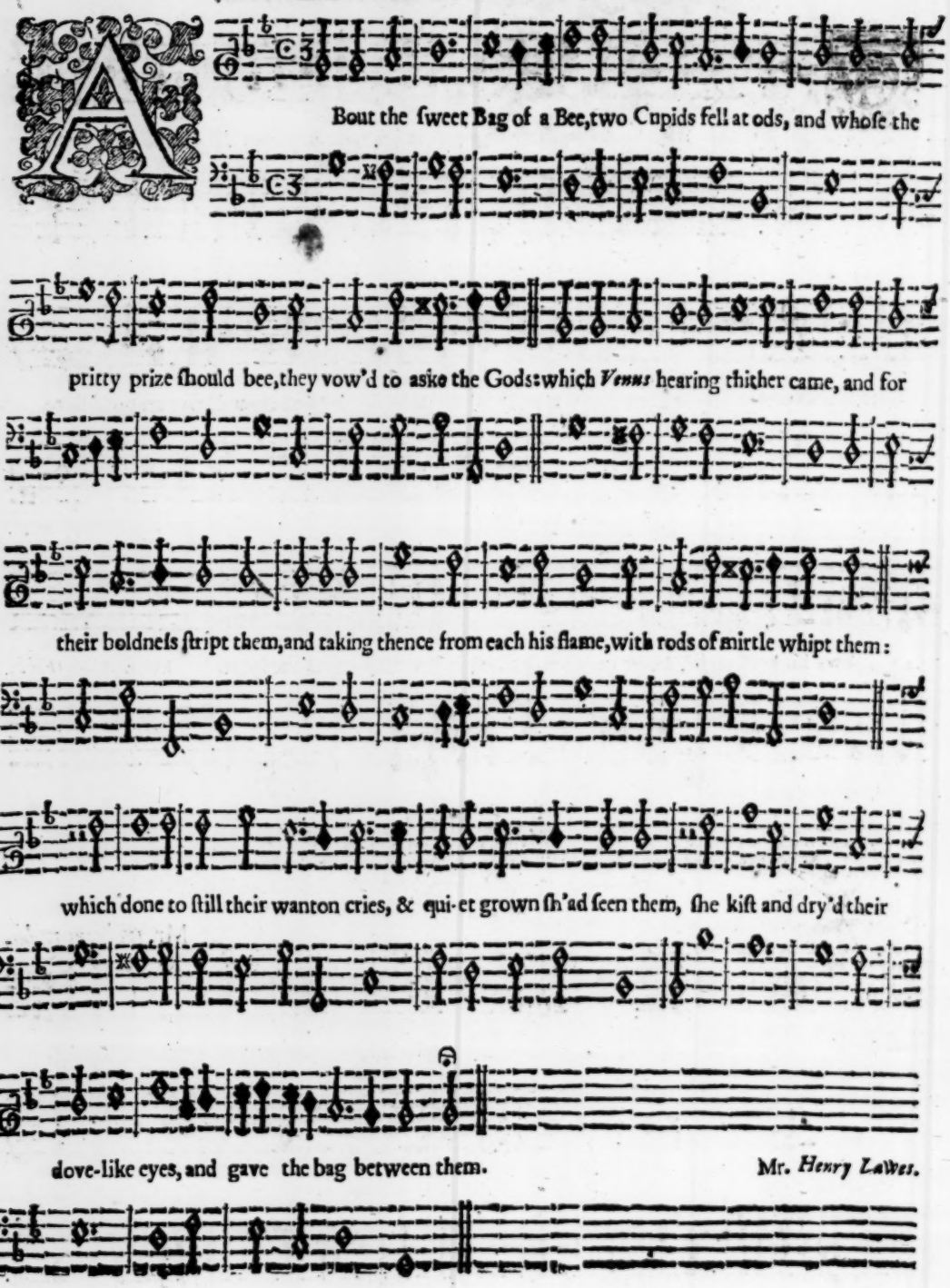
He that loves me for my ſelf, for affection not baſe pelf, ne'r regarding my deſ-

cent, geſture, feature, but intent, ſhe, on-ly ſhe, ſhe, only ſhe, deſerves to be be-lov'd of me.



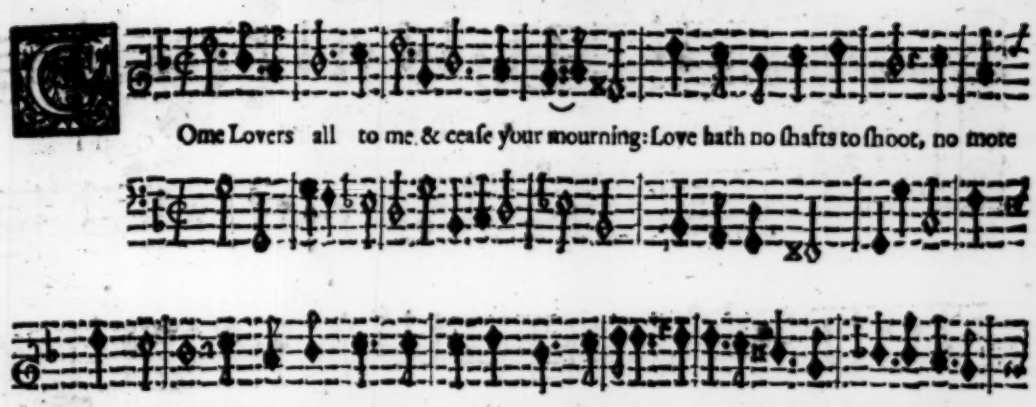
She that loves me for no end,
But becauſe I am her friend;
Never doubting my deſire,
But believ'd it ſacred fire:
She, only ſhe, deſerves to be belov'd of me.

She that loves me with reſolve
Ne're to alter till diſſolve;
Slighting all things, that ſtern fate
May hereafter ſeem to threat:
She, only ſhe, deſerves to be belov'd of me.

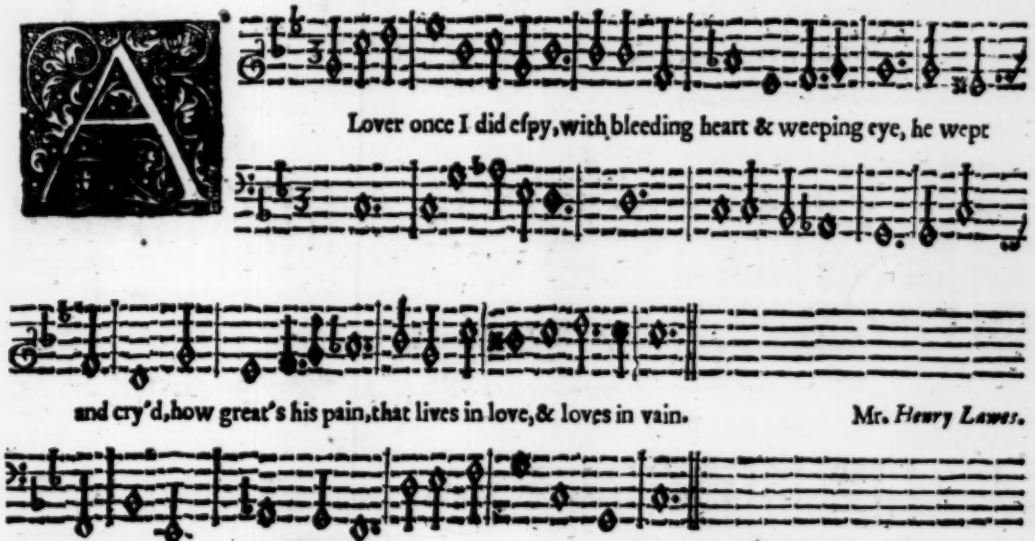


About the ſweet Bag of a Bee, two Cupids fell at ods, and whoſe the
pritty prize ſhould bee, they vow'd to aske the Gods: which *Venus* hearing thither came, and for
their boldneſs ſtript them, and taking thence from each his flame, with rods of mirtle whipt them:
which done to ſtill their wanton cries, & qui-et grown ſh'ad ſeen them, ſhe kiſt and dry'd their
dove-like eyes, and gave the bag between them.

Mr. *Henry Lawes.*



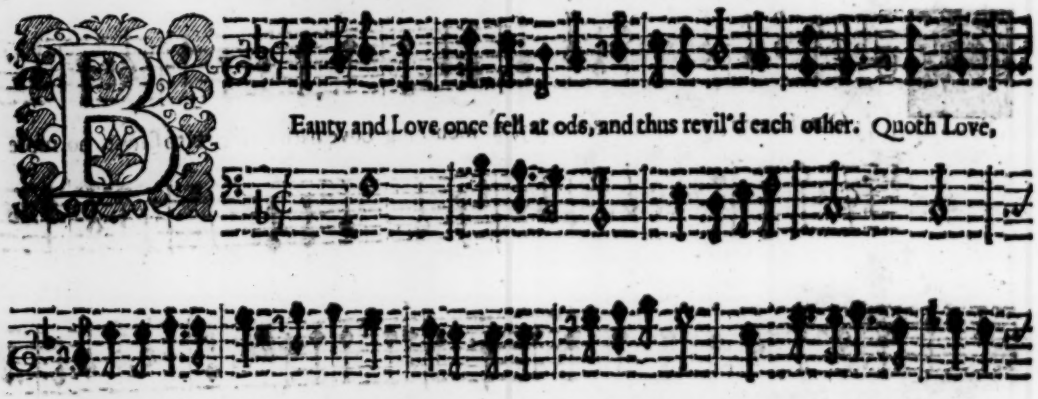
Mr. *Henry Lawes.*



Mr. *Henry Lawes.*

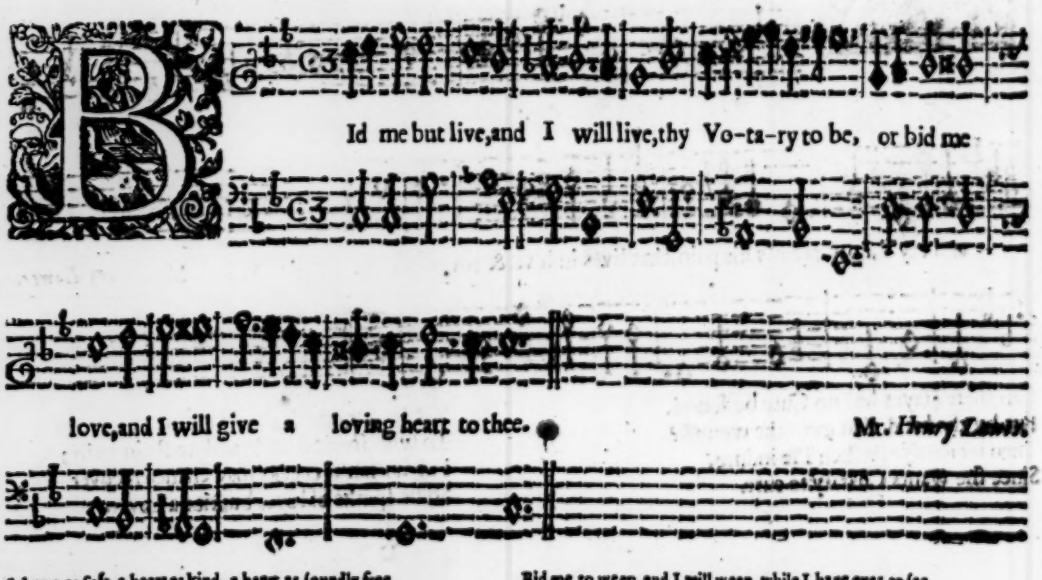
Can there (ſayes he) no Cure be found,
But by the hand that gave the wound?
Then let me dye, which I'le indure,
Since ſhe wants Charity to cure.

Yet let her one day feele the pain,
To wiſh ſhe had cur'd and wiſh in vain;
For wither'd cheeks may chance recover
Some ſparks of love, but not a Lover.



Away fond boy, then Beauty ſayd,
We ſee that thou art blind,
But men have knowing eyes, and can
My graces better find:
'Twas I begot thee, Mortals know,
And cal'd thee blind deſire;
I made thy Arrows, and thy Bow,
And wings to kindle fire.

Love here in anger flew away,
And ſtraight to *Vulcan* pray'd
That he would tip his ſhafts with ſcorn,
To puniſh this proud Mayd:
So Beauty ever ſince hath bin
But courted for an houre,
To love a day is now a ſin
'Gainſt Cupid and his power.

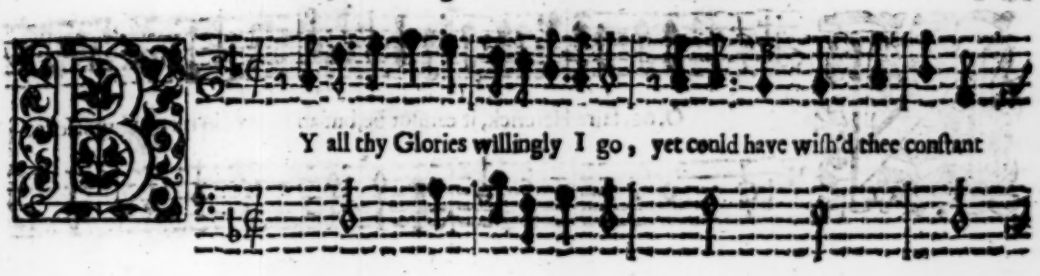


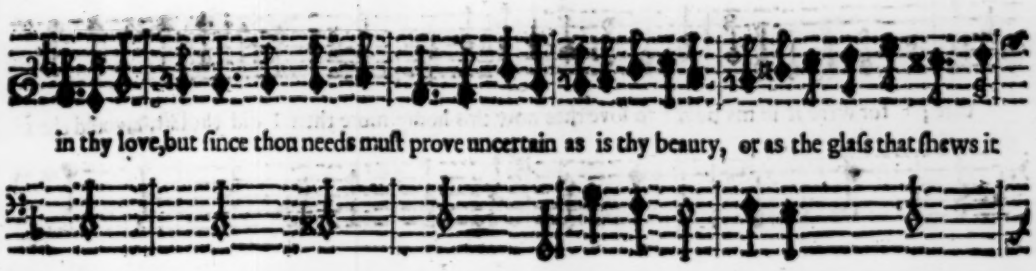
A heart as ſoft, a heart as kind, a heart as ſoundly free
As in the world thou canſt not find, that heart I'le give to thee.

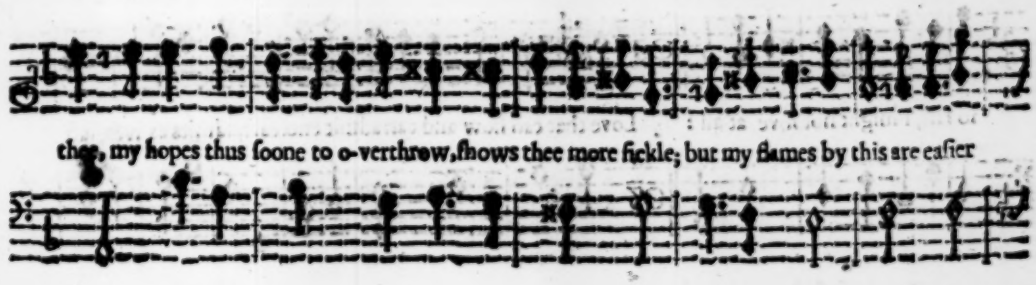
Bid that heart ſtay, and it ſhall ſtay, and honour thy decree,
Or bid it languiſh quite away, and it ſhall do't for thee.

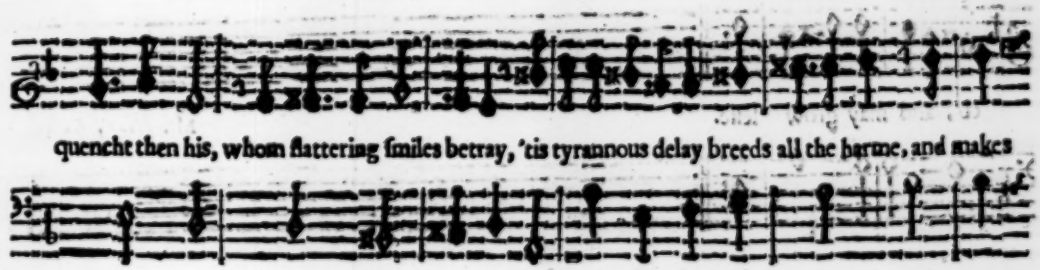
Bid me to weep, and I will weep, while I have eyes to ſee,
Or having none, yet I will keep a heart to weep for thee.

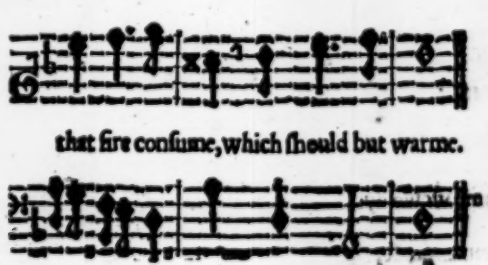
Thou art my love, my life, my heart, the very eye of mee,
And haſt command of every part, to live and dye for thee.





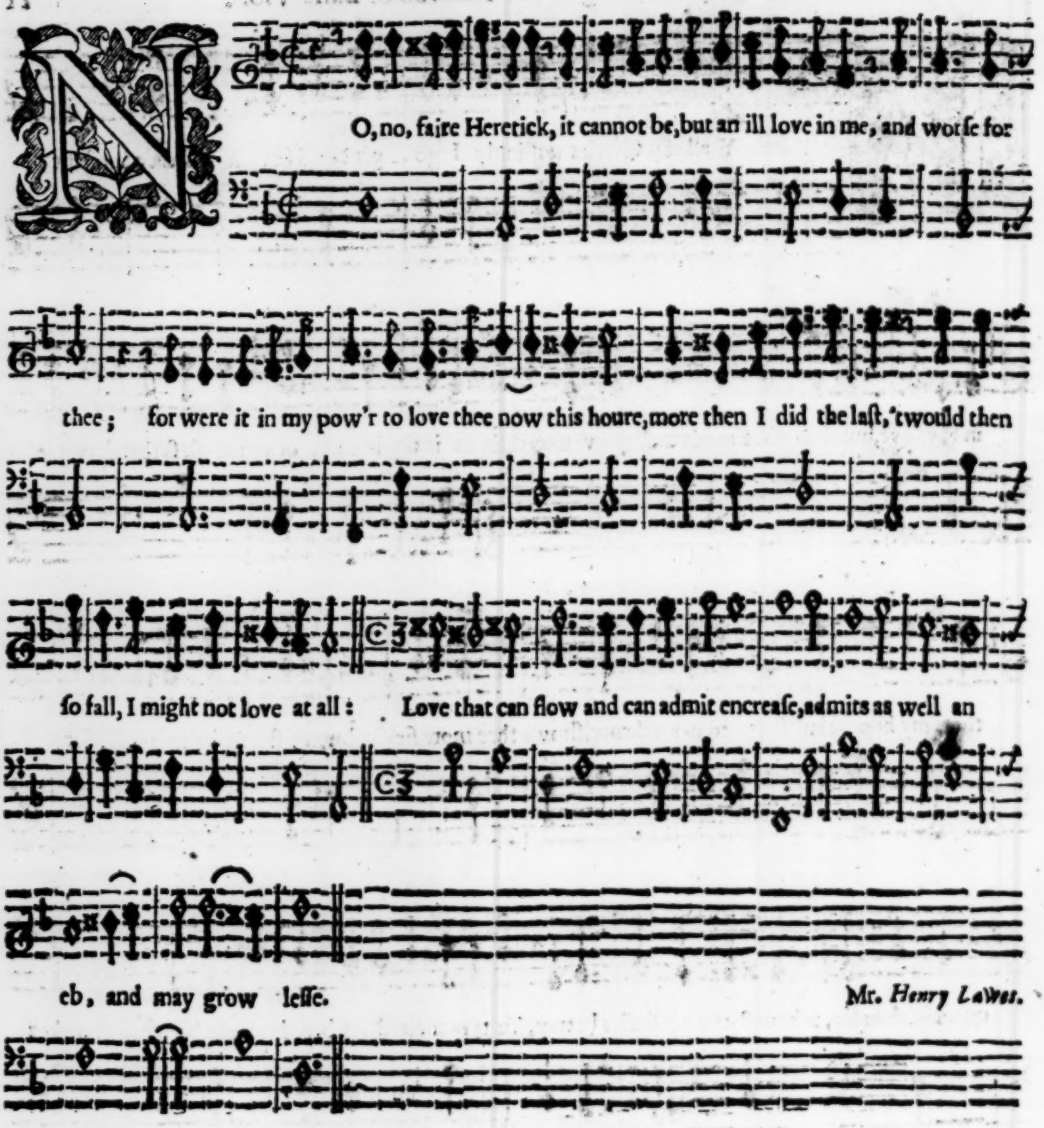




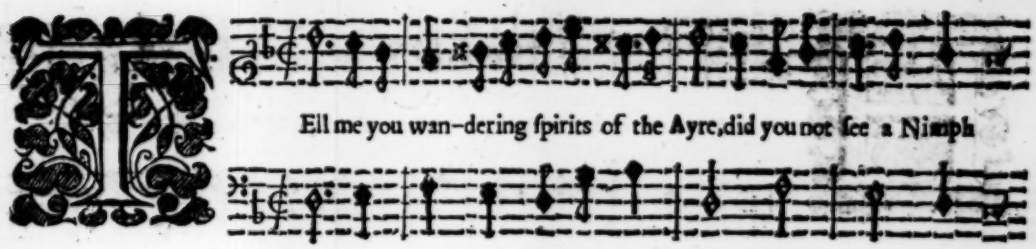


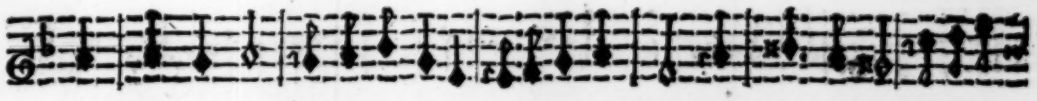
Mr. *Henry Lawes.*

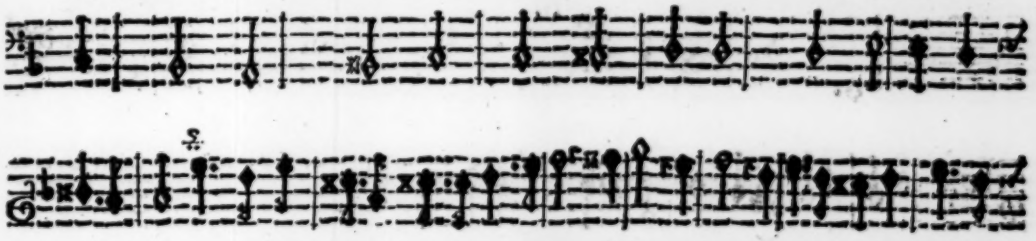
Till time deſtroy thoſe bloſſomes of thy youth,
Thou art our Idoll worſhip, at that rate,
But who can tell thy fate?
And ſay that when this Beauties done,
This Lovers Torch ſhall ſtill burn on;
I could have ſerv'd thee with ſuch truth
Devoteſt Pilgrims to their Saints do ſhow,
Departed long ago;
And at this ebbing tyde,
Have us'd thee as a Bride
Who's only true
Whilſt you are fair, he loves himſelf, not you.



True love is ſtill the ſame
The Torrid Zones,
And thoſe more fridged ones
It muſt not know:
For love grown cold, or hot
Is luſt and friendſhip, not
The thing we have, for that's a flame would dye,
Held down, or up too high;
Then think I love, more then I can expreſſe,
And would know more, could I but love thee leſſe,

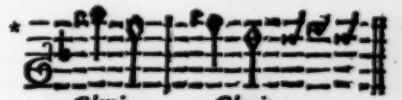


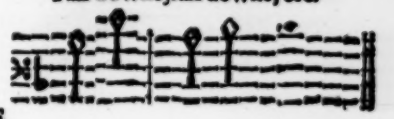


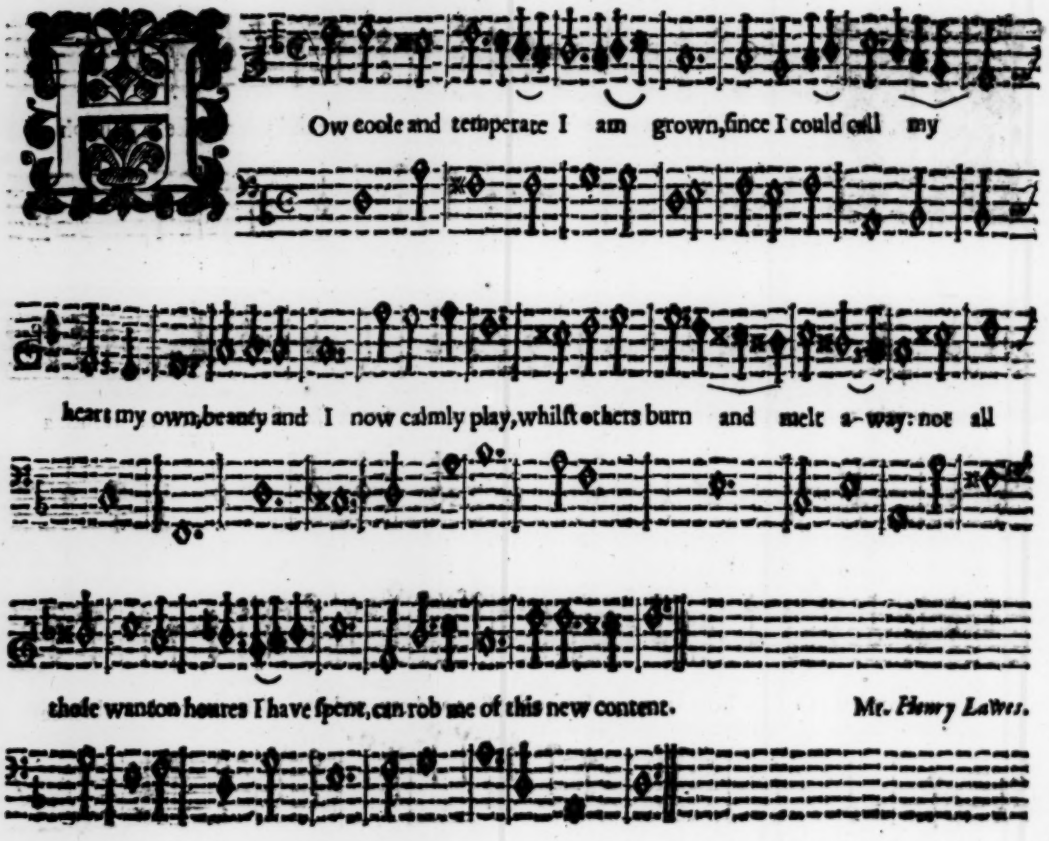


Go ſearch the Vallies, pluck up every Roſe,
You'l find a ſcent, a bluſh of her in thoſe:
Fiſh, fiſh, for Pearle, or Corrall, there you'l ſee
How orientall all her colours bee:
Go call the Ecchoes to your ayde, and cry,
Cloris, Cloris, for that's her name for whom I dy.

But ſtay a while, I have inform'd you ill,
Were ſhe on earth, ſhe had been with me ſtill:
Go fly to Heaven, examine every Sphere,
And try what Star hath lately lighted there;
If any brighter then the Sun you ſee,
Fall down, fall down, and worſhip it, for that is ſhee.



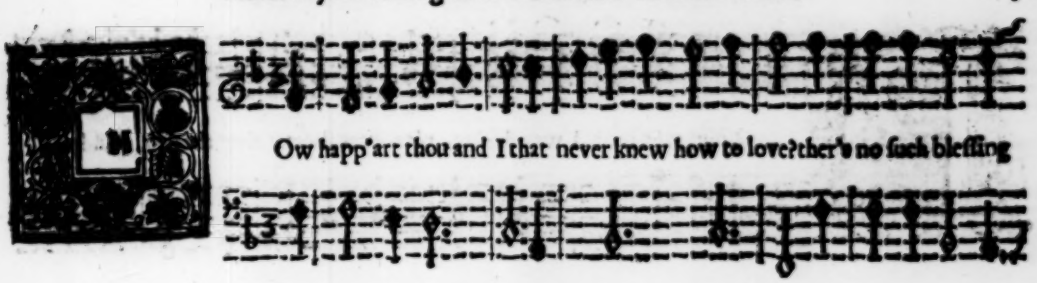




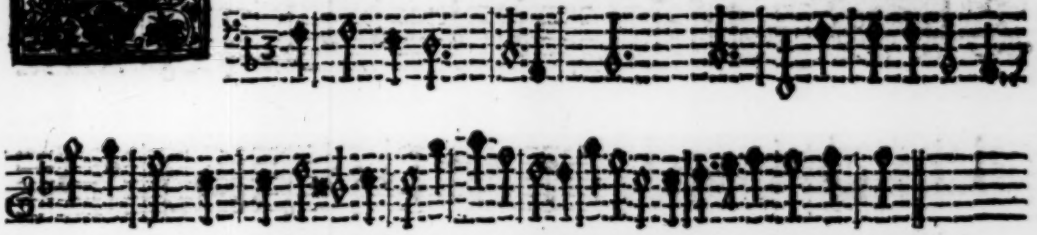
Mr. *Henry Lawes.*

Loves miſts are ſcatter'd from my ſight,
Which flattred me with new delight,
And now I ſee 'tis but a face
That ſtole my heart out of its place:
Then Love forgive me, I'le no more
Thine Altars or thy Shrine adore.

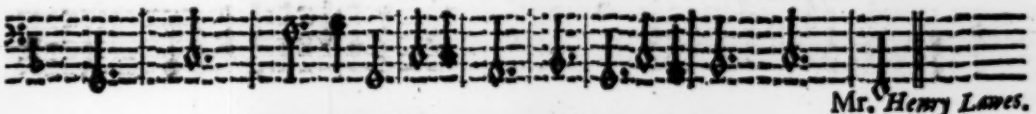
Farewell to all heart-breaking eyes,
Farewell each look that can ſurprize,
Farewell thoſe Curles and amorous ſpels,
Farewell each place where Cupid dwels;
And farewell each bewitching ſmile,
I muſt enjoy my ſelfe a while.



Ow happ'art thou and I that never knew how to love? ther's no ſuch bleſſing



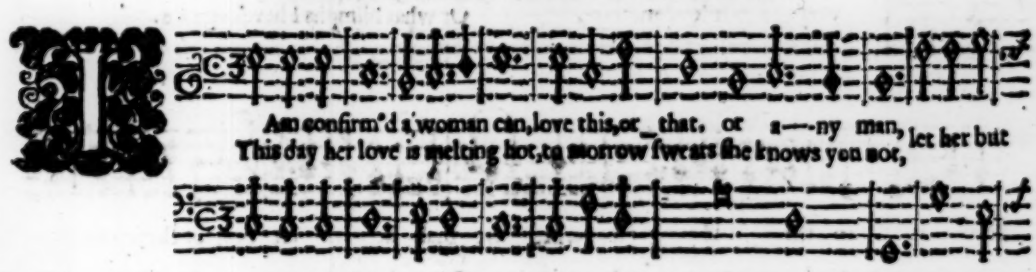
here beneath, what e're there is above; 'tis li-berty, 'tis liberty, that e-very wiſe man loves.



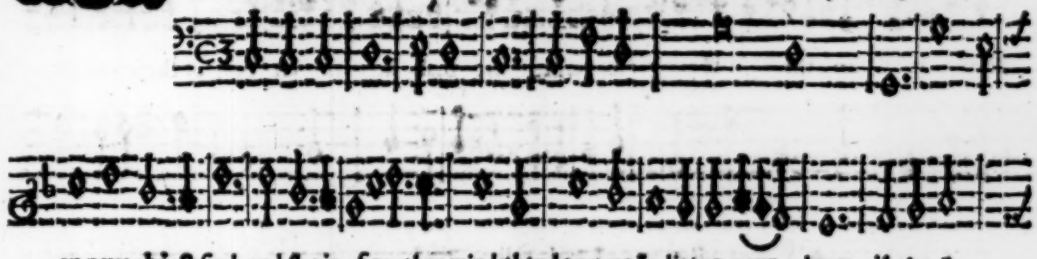
Mr. *Henry Lawes.*

Out, out upon thoſe eyes, that think to murder mee,
And he's an Aſſe believes her fair, that is not kind and free:
Ther's nothing ſweet, ther's nothing ſweet, to man, but liberty.

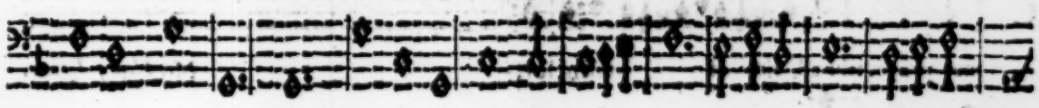
I'le tye my heart to none, nor yet confine mine eyes,
But I will play my game ſo well, I'le never want a prize:
'Tis liberty, 'tis liberty, ha's made me now thus wiſe.

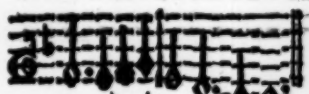


Am confirm'd a woman can, love this, or that, or a—ny man, let her but
This day her love is melting hot, to morrow ſweats ſhe knows you not,



an new object find, and ſhe is of another mind: then hang me Ladies at your doore. if e're I



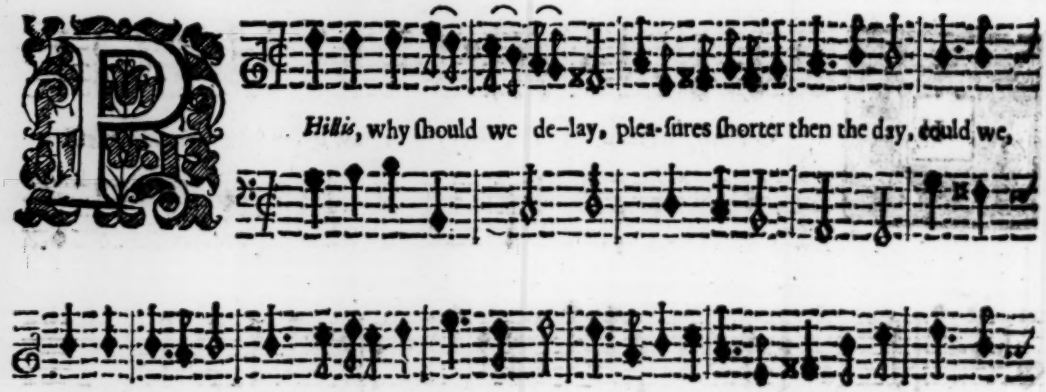


doat up—on you more.

Yet ſtill I'le love the fair one, why?
For nothing but to pleaſe mine eye;
And ſo the fat and ſoft skin'd Dame
I'le flatter to appeaſe my flame;
For her that's muſicall I long,
When I am ſad to ſing a Song:
But hang me Ladies, &c.

I'le give my fancy leave to range
Through every face to find out change:
The black, the brown, the fair ſhall be
But objects of varietie:
I'le court you all to ſerve my turn,
But with ſuch flames as ſhal not burn;
For hang me Ladies, &c.

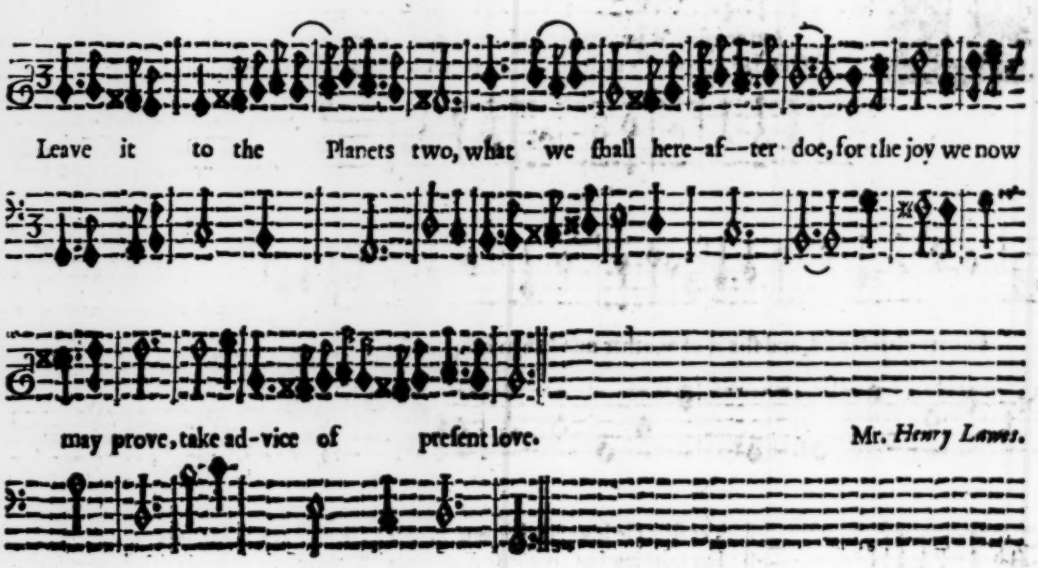
Mr. *Henry Lawes.*



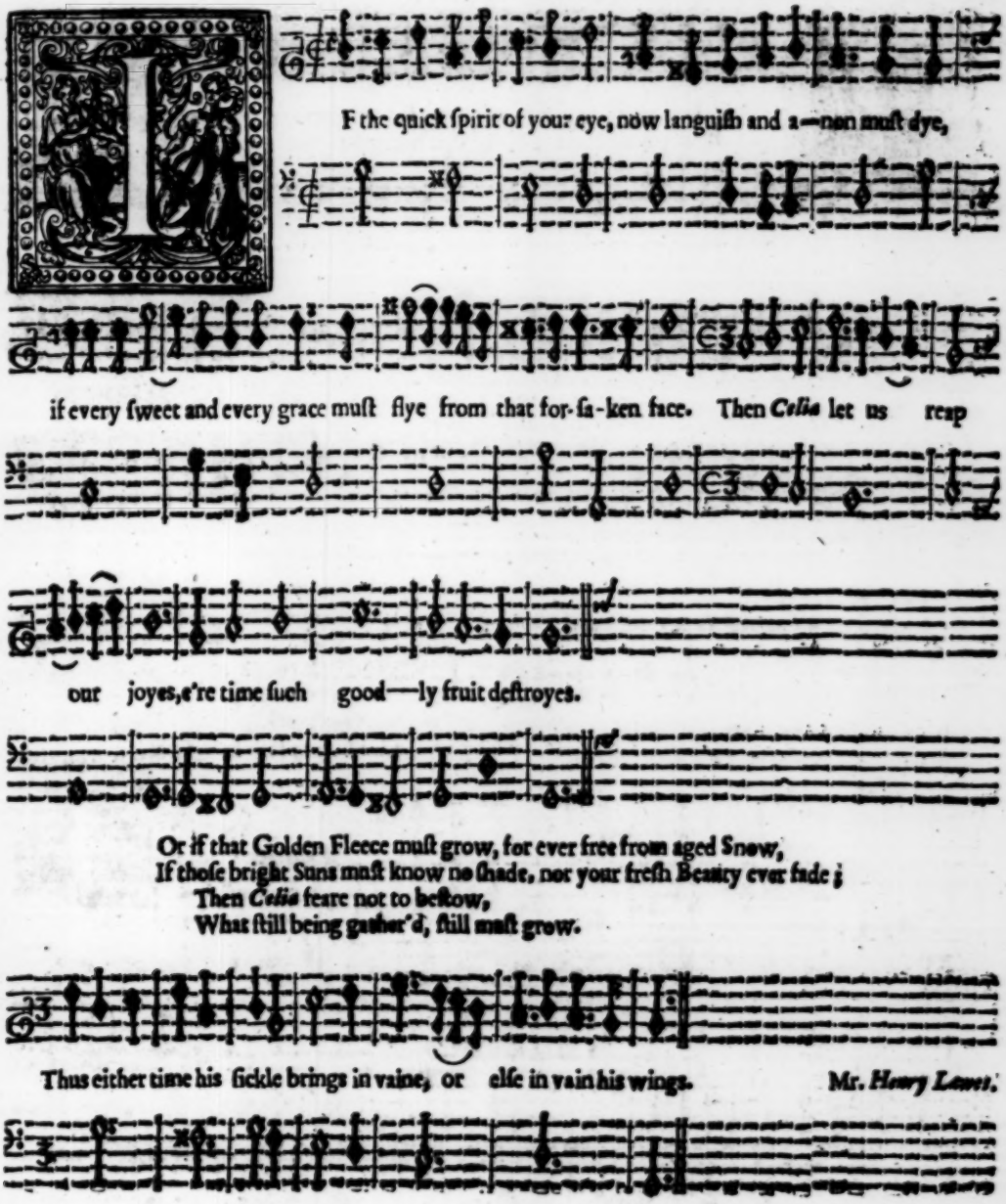
fore us dyes.

Or would Youth and Beauty ſtay,
Love ha's wings, and will away;
Love ha's ſwifter wings then Time,
Change in love too oft do's chime;
Gods that never change their ſtate,
Very oft their love and hate.

Phillis, to this truth we owe
All the love betwixt us now;
Let not you and I require
What ha's been our paſt deſire;
On what Shepheards you have ſmil'd,
Or what Nimphs I have beguil'd.

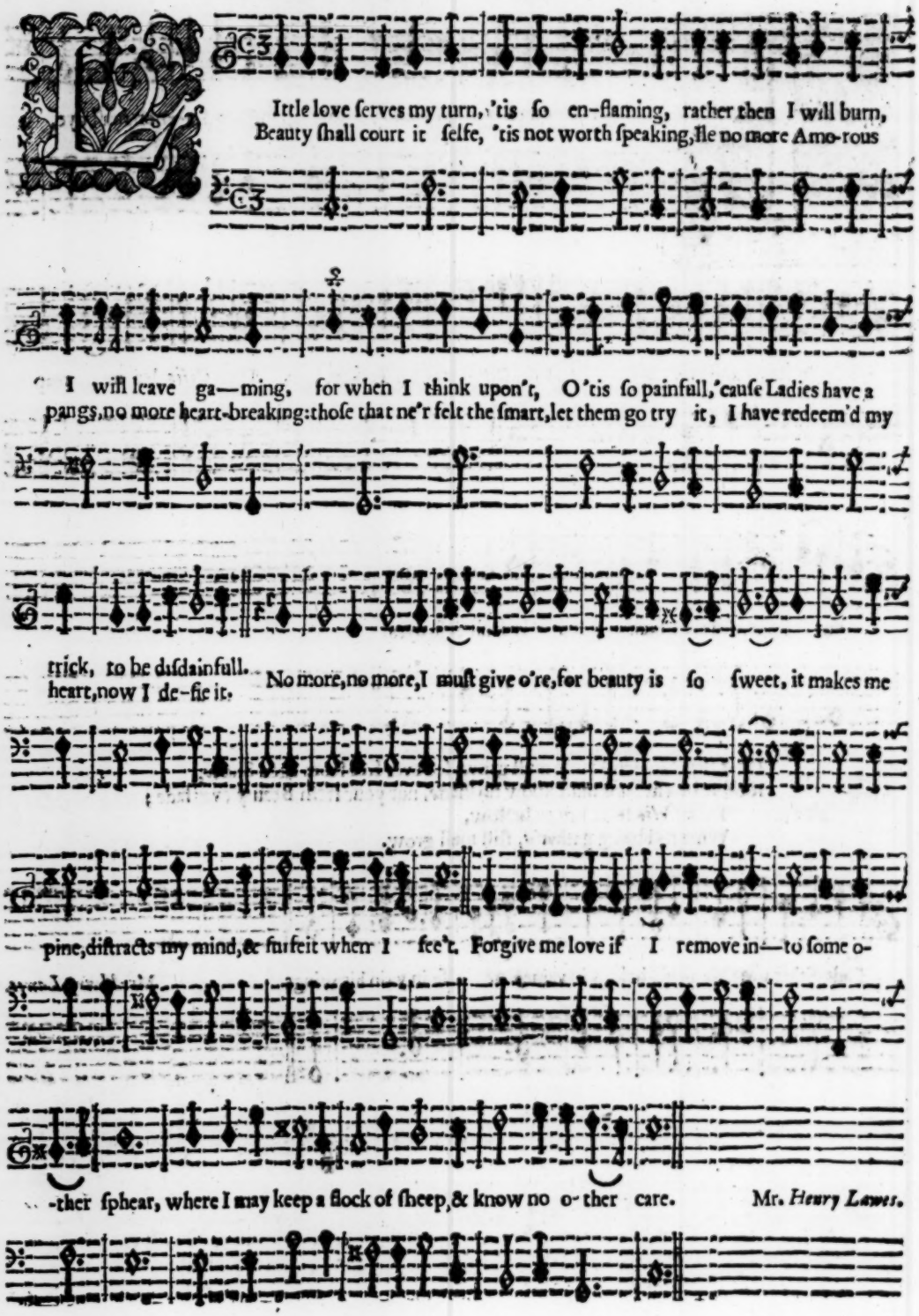


Mr. *Henry Lawes.*

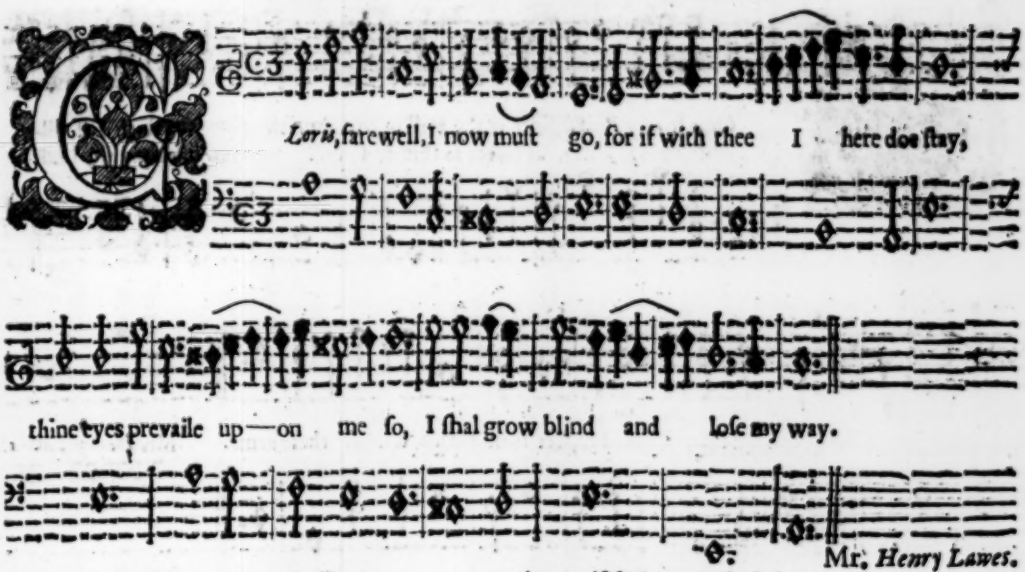


Or if that Golden Fleece muſt grow, for ever free from aged Snow,
If thoſe bright Suns muſt know no ſhade, nor your freſh Beauty ever fade;
Then *Celia* feare not to beſtow,
What ſtill being gather'd, ſtill muſt grow.

Thus either time his ſickle brings in vaine, or elſe in vain his wings. Mr. *Henry Lawes.*



Mr. *Henry Lawes.*



Mr. *Henry Lawes.*

Fame of thy Beauty, and thy Youth
Amongſt the reſt me hither brought,
Finding this fame fall ſhort of truth,
Made me ſtay longer then I thought.

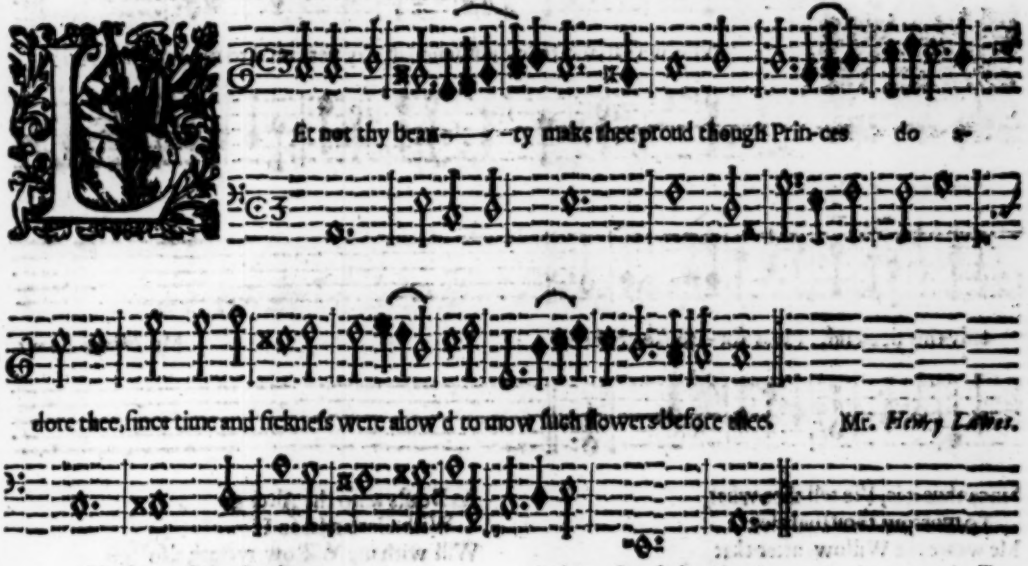
For I'm engag'd by word and oath
A ſervant to anothers will;
Yet for thy love would forfeit both,
Could I be ſure to keep it ſtill.

But what aſſurance can I take,
When thou fore-knowing this abuſe,
For ſome more worthy Lovers ſake,
May'ſt leave me with ſo juſt excuſe.

For thou may'ſt ſay 'twas not thy fault
That thou didſt thus unconſtant prove;
Thou wert by my example taught
To break thy oath, to mend thy love.

No *Cloris*, no, I will return,
And raiſe thy ſtory to that height,
That ſtrangers ſhall at diſtance burn,
And ſhe diſtruſt me Reprobate.

Then ſhall my love this doubt diſplace,
And gain ſuch truſt, that I may come
And banquet ſometimes on thy face,
But make my conſtant meales at home.



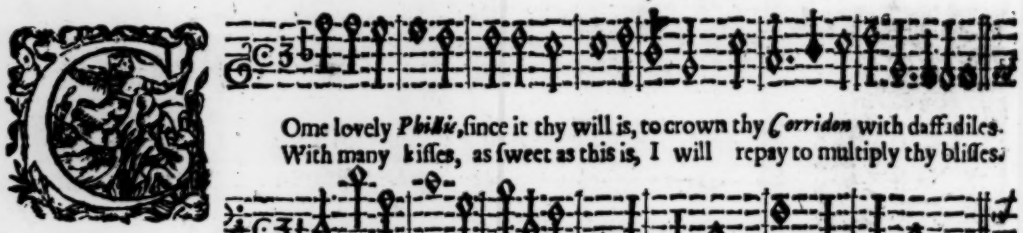
Mr. *Henry Lawes.*

Nor be not ſhy to that degree,
Thy friends may hardly know thee,
Nor yet ſo comming or ſo free,
That every fly may blow thee.

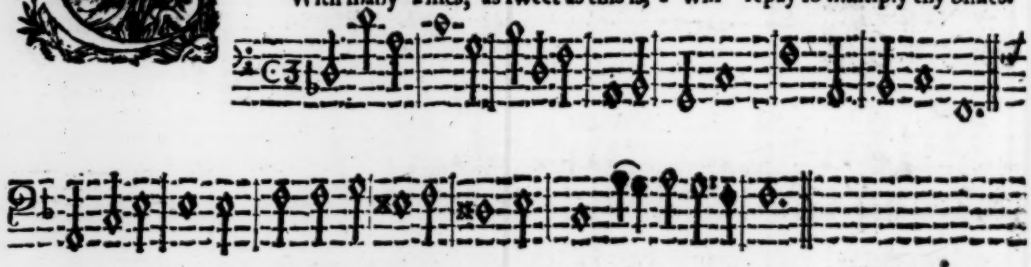
A ſtate in every Princely brow,
As decent is requir'd
Much more in thine, to whom they bow
By Beauties lightnings fir'd.

And yet a ſtate ſo ſweetly mixt
With an attractive mildneſs;
It may like Vertue ſit betwixt
The extreams of pride and vileneſs.

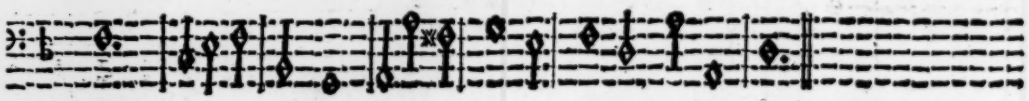
Then every eye that ſees thy face
Will in thy Beauty glory,
And every tongue that wags will grace
Thy vertue with a ſtory.



Ome lovely *Phillis*, ſince it thy will is, to crown thy *Corridon* with daffadiles.
With many kiſſes, as ſweet as this is, I will repay to multiply thy bliſſes.

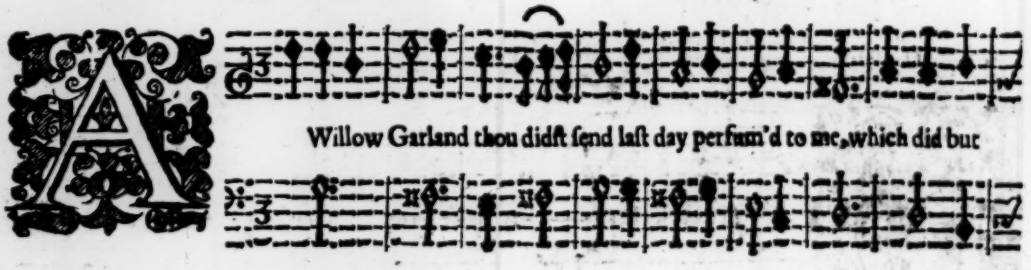


Here I will hold thee, and thus enfold thee, free from harms within theſe arms. Mr. *Henry Lawes.*

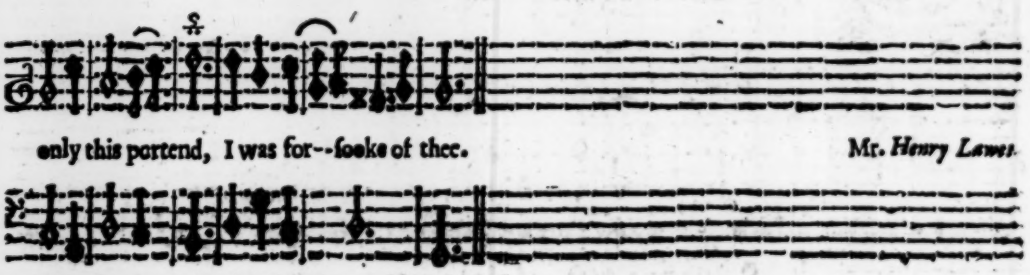


Sweet, ſtill be ſmiling, 'tis ſweet beguiling
Of tedious houres and ſorrows beſt exiling;
For if you lowre, the bankes no power
Will have to bring forth any pleaſant flower;
Your eyes not granting
Their raies enchanting,
Mine may raine, but 'twere in vaine.

Thine eyes may wonder, that mine aſunder
Do from the Sun-ſhine draw thine to ſit under;
Hold me unblam'd, to be enflam'd,
Where not to be ſo, youth were rather ſham'd:
Since that the oldeſt
That thou beholdeſt
May feele fire of loves deſire.



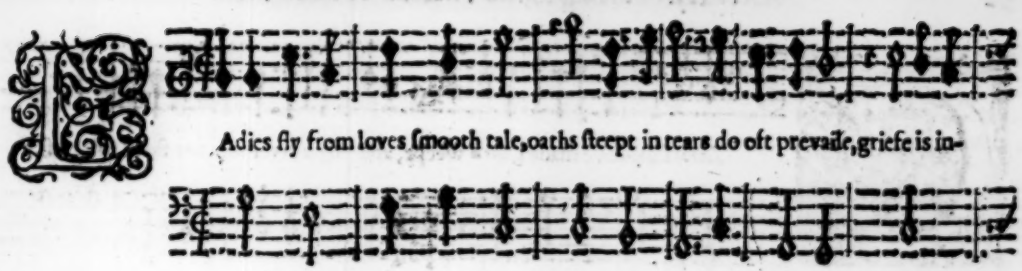
Willow Garland thou didſt ſend laſt day perfum'd to me, which did but



only this portend, I was for--ſooke of thee. Mr. *Henry Lawes.*

Since thus it is, I'le tell thee what,
To morrow thou ſhalt ſee
Me weare the Willow, after that
Todye upon the tree.

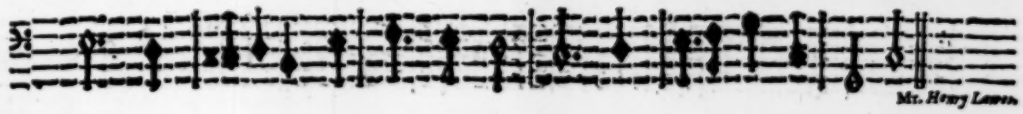
As Beaſts unto the Alter go
With Garlands, ſo I
Will with my Willow wreath alſo
Come forth, and ſweetly dye.



Ladies fly from loves ſmooth tale, oaths ſteept in tears do oft prevaile, griefe is in-

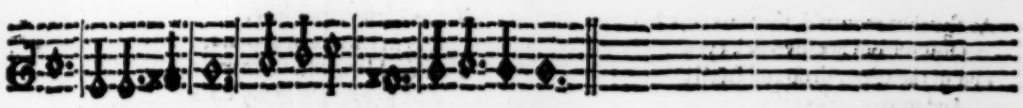
fectious, and the ayre inflam'd with ſighs will blaſt the fair, then ſtop your ears when Lovers cry, leſt your

ſelves weep when no loſt eye ſhal with a ſorrowing tear repay that pity which you caſt away.

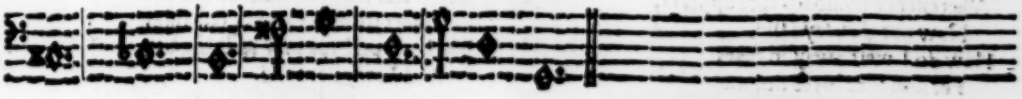


Mr. Henry Lawes.

Midſt the Mirtles as I walk, love & my ſighs thus enter talk, tell me ſaid



I, in deep diſtreſſe, where I may finde my ſhepheardeſſe. Mr. Henry Lawes.



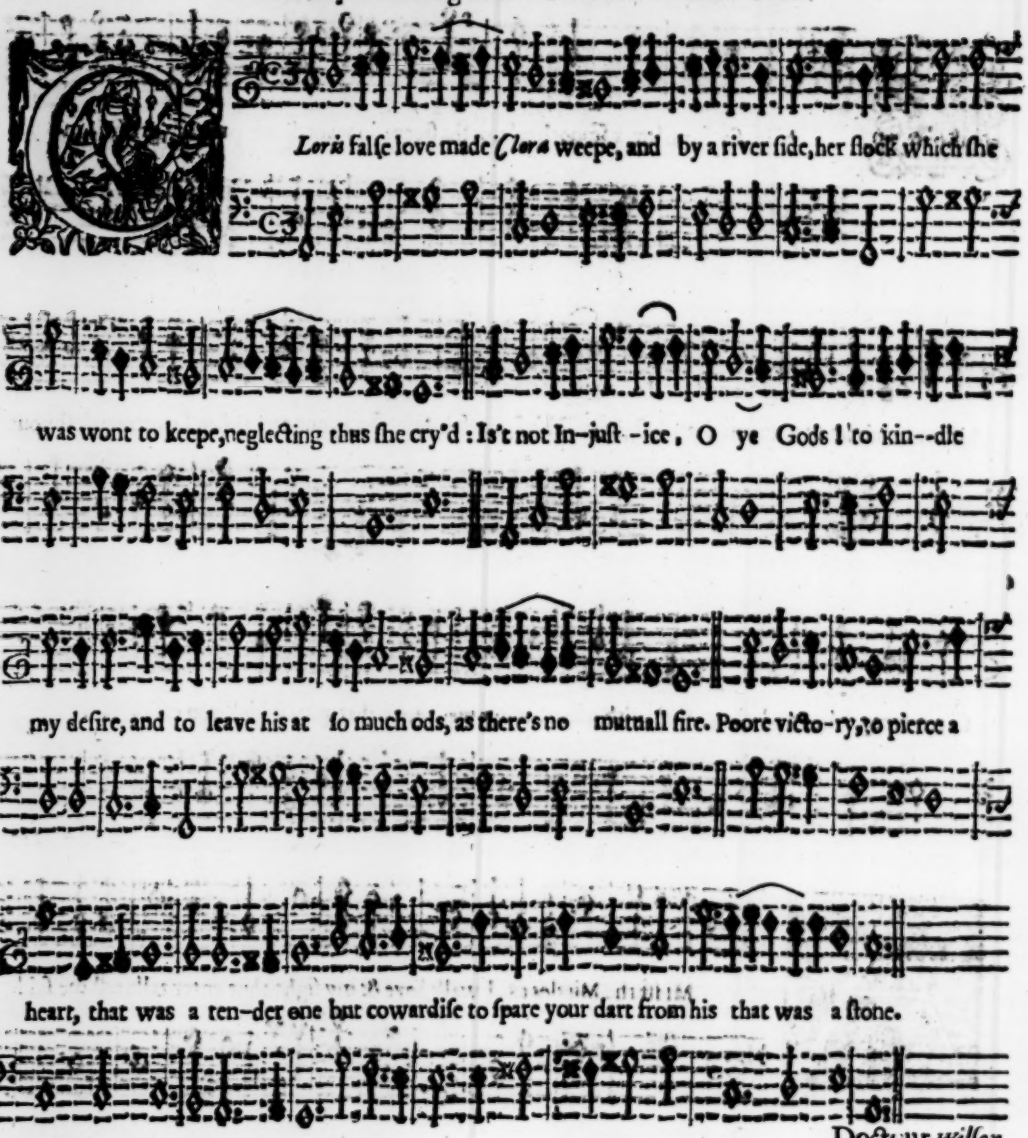
Then Foole ſayd Love know'ſt thou not this,
In every thing that's good ſhe is,
In yonder Tulip go and ſeek,
There thou ſhalt find her lip and cheek.

In that inamel'd Fancy by,
There ſhalt thou find her curious eye
In bloom of Peach, in Roſes bud
There wave the ſtreams of her bloud.

'Tis true ſayd I, and thereupon,
And went and pluckt them one by one
To make a part a union,
But on a ſuddain all was gone.

At which I ſtopt; ſayd Love, theſe bee
Fond mans reſemblances of thee;
For as theſe Flowers thy Joy muſt dye
Even in the turning of an eye.

And all thy hopes of her muſt wither,
As do thoſe Flowers when knit together.



Doctour *Wilſon.*

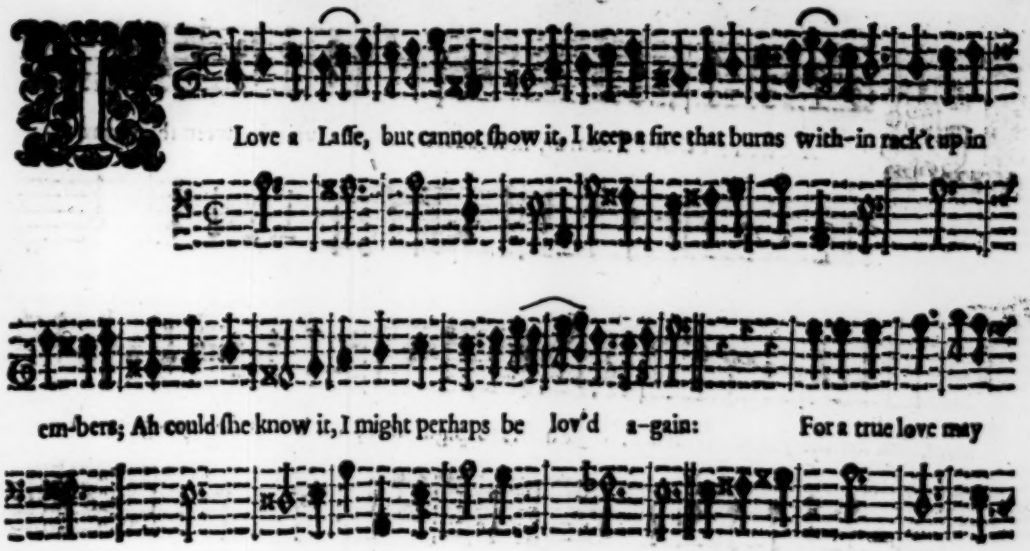
As ſhe thus mourn'd, the tears that fell
Down from her love-ſick eyes,
Did in the water drop and ſwell,
And into bubbles riſe.

Wherein her bloubard face appears,
Now out alas, ſayd ſhe,
How do I melt away in tears
For him that loves not me.

Yet as I leſſen multiply,
But in leſſe forme appears,
Thus do I languiſh from mine,
And grow new in my tears.

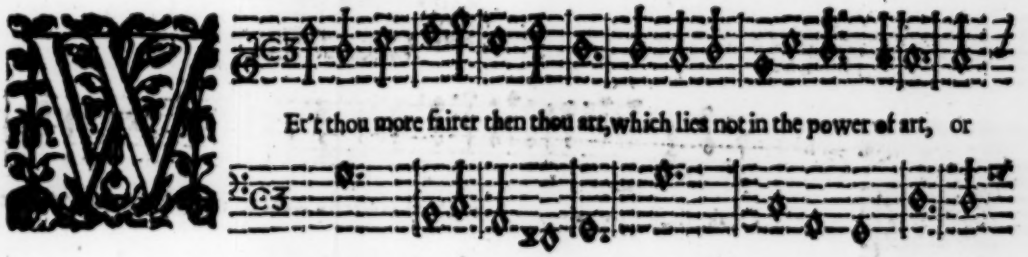
Break not that Chriſtall, circles me
Sweet ſtreams by your fair ſide,
My Love perhaps may walking be,
And I may be eſpi'd.

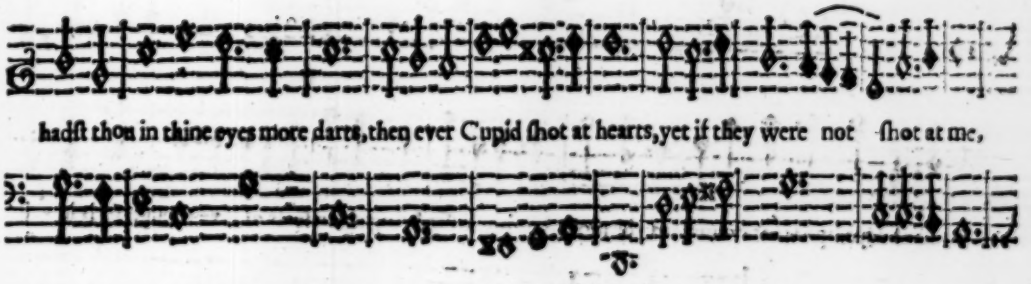
And thus in little drawn and dreſt
In ſad tears attire,
May force ſuch paſſions from his breſt,
Shall equall my deſire.

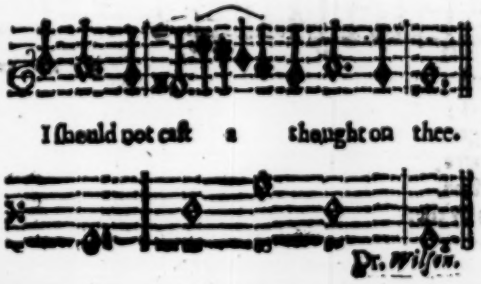


Some gentle courteous winde bertay me,
A ſigh by whiſpering in her eare,
Or let ſome pitious ſhower convey me,
By dropping on her breaſt a tear,
Or two, or more, the hardeſt flint,
By often drops receives a dint.

Shall I then vex my heart and rend it,
That is already too too weake?
No, no, they ſay, Lovers may ſend it,
By writing what they cannot ſpeake;
Go then my Muſe, and let this Verſe
Bring back my Life, or elſe my Herſe.

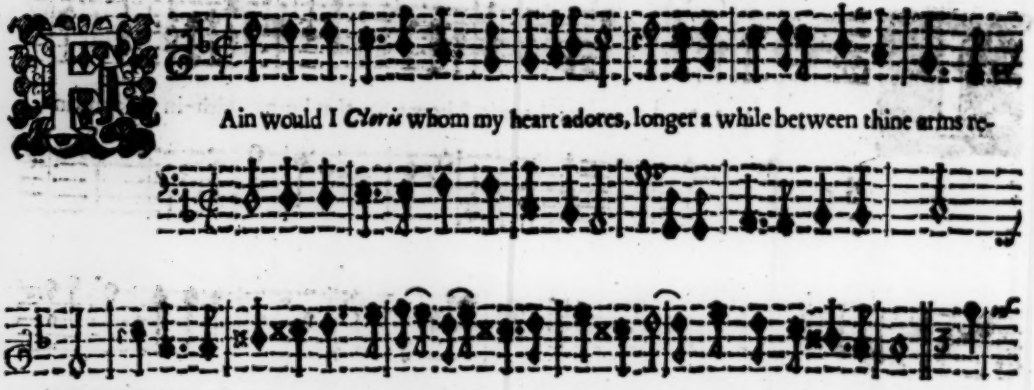




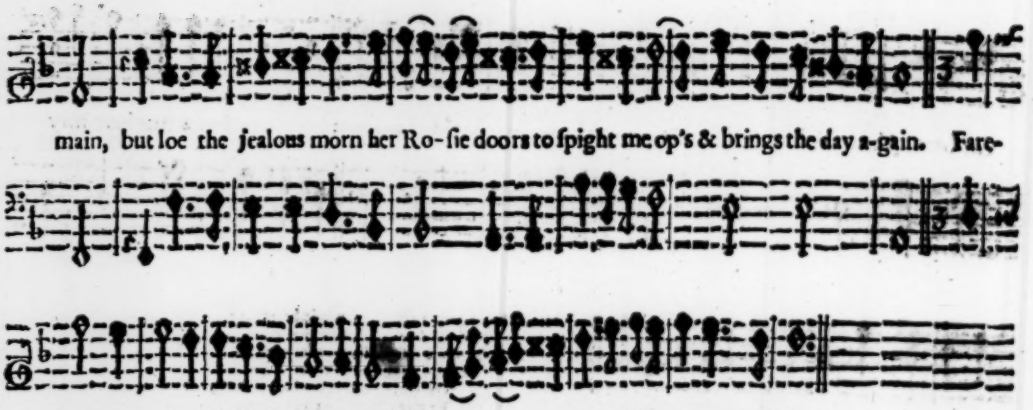


I'd rather marry a diſeaſe,
Then court the thing I cannot pleaſe;
She that would cherish my deſires
Muſt court my flames with equall fires:
What pleaſure is there in a kiſſe
To him that doubts the lover's not his?

I love thee not because thou'rt faire,
Soften then downe, for nothing then ayre;
Nor for the Cupids that lye
In either corner of thine eye:
Would you then know what it might be?
'Tis I love you, 'cauſe you love me.

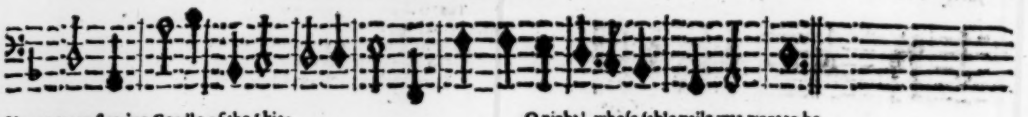


Fain would I *Cloris* whom my heart adores, longer a while between thine arms re-



main, but loe the jealous morn her Ro-ſie doors to ſpight me op's & brings the day a-gain. Fare-

well, farewell, *Cloris*, 'tis time I di'd, the night de-parts, yet ſtill my woes a-bide. Dr. *Wilſon.*

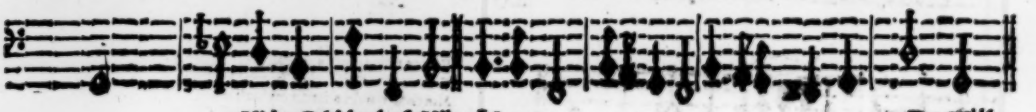


Hence taucy fleaſing Candle of the ſkies,
Let us alone, we have no need of thee:
Our eyes are ever day, where *Cloris* eyes
Shine, that a paire of brighter Tapers bee.
Farewell, farewell, &c.

O night! whoſe ſable vaile was wont to be
More friend to Lovers, then the noiſefull day:
Wherefore, O wherefore do'ſt thou fly from me,
And carry with thee all my joyes away?
Farewell, farewell, &c.

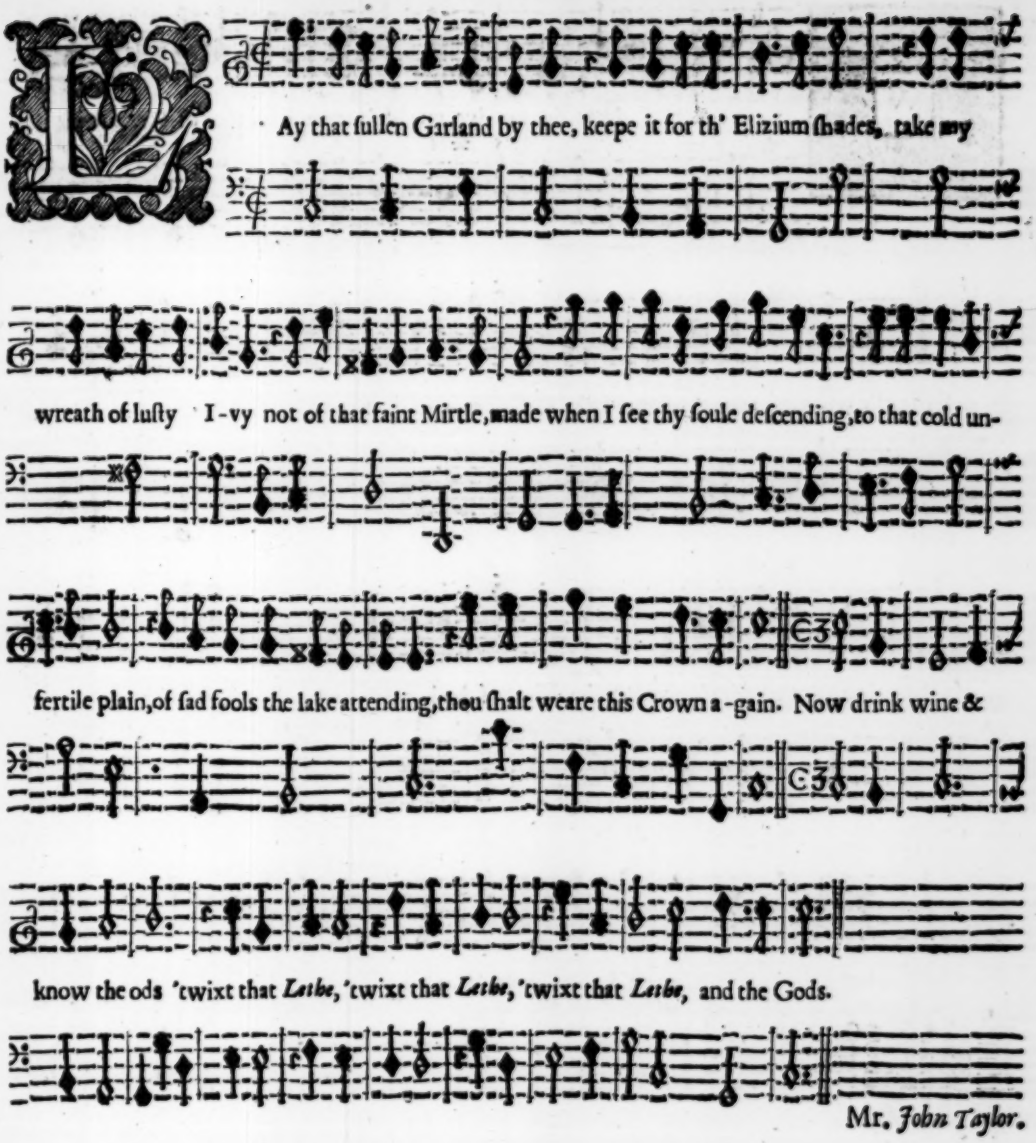
Take, O take thoſe lips a—way, that ſo ſweetly were forſworn, & thoſe eys that

break of days, light that do miſlead the morn, but my kiſſes bring again ſeals of love though ſeals in vain.



Hide, O hide thoſe Hils of Snow
That thy frozen Bloſſome beares;
On whoſe tops the Pinks that grow,
Are yet of thoſe that April weares;
But firſt ſet my poore heart free,
Bound in thoſe Icy Chaines by thee.

Dr. *Wilſon.*



Mr. *John Taylor.*

Rouſe thy dull and drowſie ſpirits,
Here's the ſoule reviving ſtreams,
The ſtupid Lovers brain inherits
Nought but vain and empty dreams.

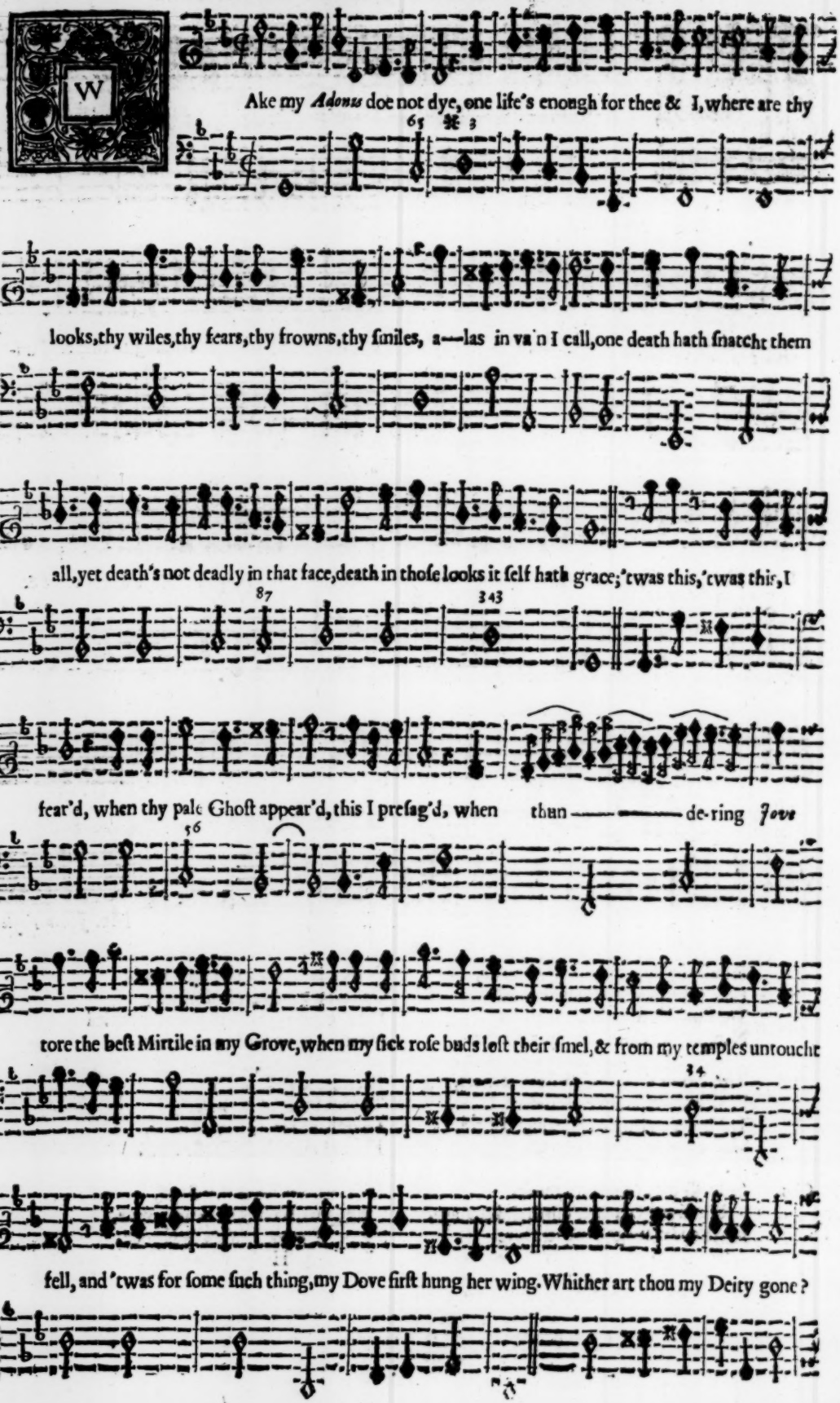
Thinke not thou theſe diſmall trances,
Which our raptures can content,
The Lad that laughs, ſings and dances,
Shall come ſooneſt to his end.

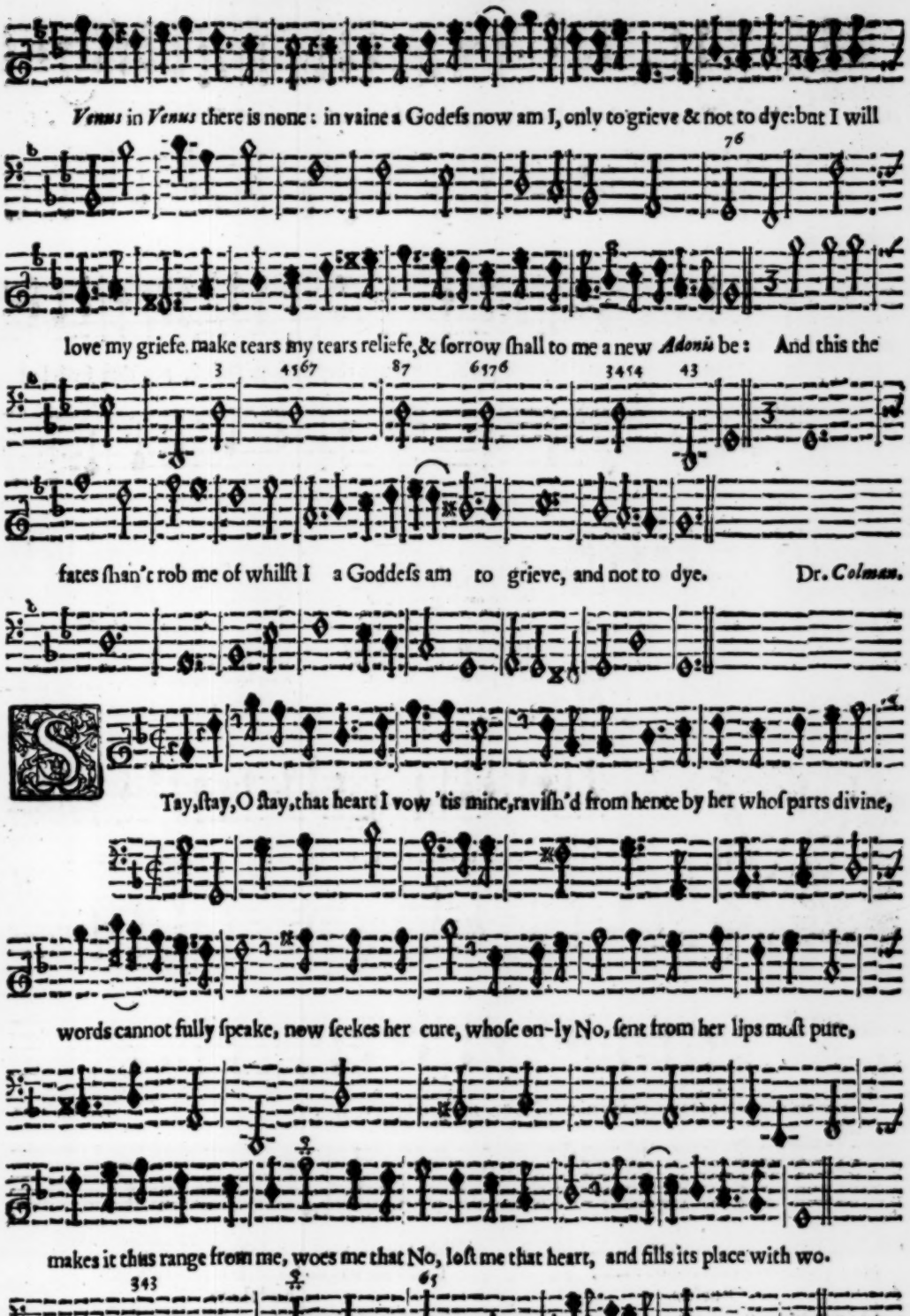
Cho. Sadneſſe may ſome pity move,
Mirth and courage, mirth and courage,
Mirth and courage conquers love.

Fy then on that cloudy fore-head,
Ope thou vainly croſſed armes;
Thou mayſt as well call back the buried
As raiſe love by ſuch like charmes.

Sacrifice a glaſſe of Clarret
To each letter of her name;
Gods have oft diſcended for it,
Mortals muſt do more the ſame.

If ſhe comes not at that flood,
Sleep will come, ſleep will come,
Sleep will come, and that's as good.


W
Ake my *Adonis* doe not dye, one life's enough for thee & I, where are thy
looks, thy wiles, thy fears, thy frowns, thy ſmiles, a—las in va'n I call, one death hath ſnatcht them
all, yet death's not deadly in that face, death in thoſe looks it ſelf hath grace; 'twas this, 'twas this, I
fear'd, when thy pale Ghoſt appear'd, this I preſag'd, when than —— —— de-ring *Jove*
tore the beſt Mirtile in my Grove, when my ſick roſe buds loſt their ſmel, & from my temples untoucht
fell, and 'twas for ſome ſuch thing, my Dove firſt hung her wing. Whither art thou my Deity gone?



Venus in *Venus* there is none: in vaine a Godeſs now am I, only to grieve & not to dye: but I will

love my griefe, make tears my tears reliefe, & ſorrow ſhall to me a new *Adonis* be: And this the

fates ſhan't rob me of whilſt I a Goddeſs am to grieve, and not to dye. Dr. *Colman.*

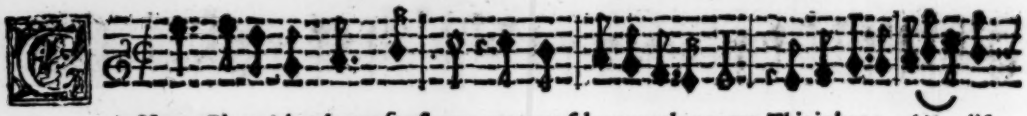
STay, ſtay, O ſtay, that heart I vow 'tis mine, raviſh'd from hence by her whoſe parts divine,

words cannot fully ſpeake, now ſeekes her cure, whoſe on-ly No, ſent from her lips moſt pure,

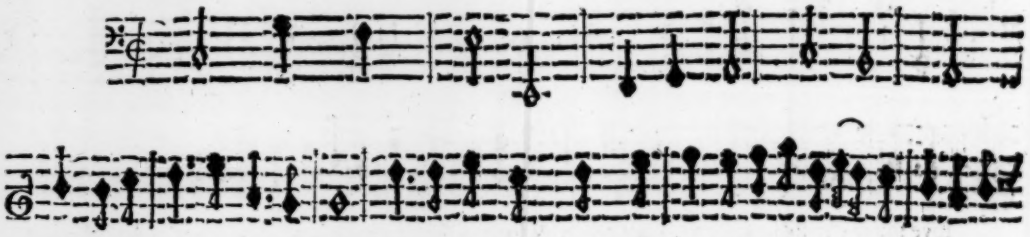
makes it thus range from me, woes me that No, loſt me that heart, and fills its place with wo.

O hold it faſt, I come, yet let it fly,
I cannot move, 'tis pity both ſhould dy;
Perhaps ſhe may relent, and with one yes
Gives us a ſecond life, treble our bliſſe:
If not, farewell my heart, I've pleas'd my eyes,
Since thou art loſt, ſees thee her ſacrifice.

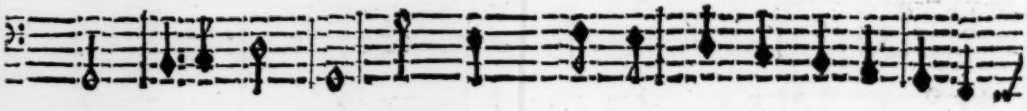
Dr. *Colman.*

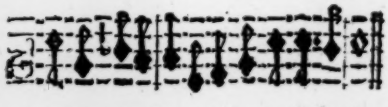


Hange Platonicks, change for ſhame, get your ſelves another name. This is but a thin diſ-

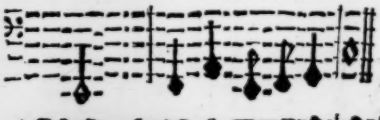


guiſe, and betray'd to common eyes: Dim and purblind though they be, your Philoſo-phy they ſee is but





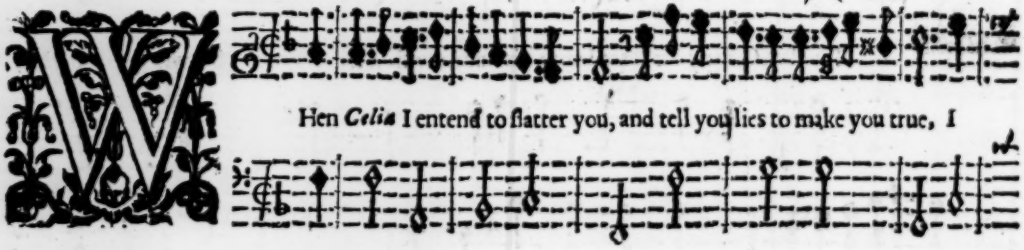
Lay Hypocriſie, & a kind of Hereſie.



Plato ne'r alow'd a kiſſe,
Nor the like fantaſtick bliſſe,
All the day ſit and Ca Goll
With Sir Amorous La Foole
Ne'r dream't of that delight
Which a Ball preſents at night
To apt you to what follows next,
Only you corrupt the Text.

Yet muſt *Plato* juſtifie
All your wanton vanitie,
When indeed the truth to ſay,
'Tis opinion that doth ſway,
Is a meer Court Frippery,
You act but yet moſt formerly
What your Sex was wont to do
Many hundred years ago.

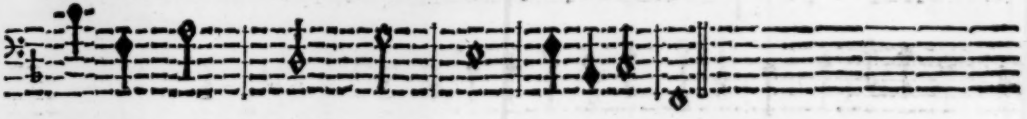
Dr. *Colman.*



Hen *Celia* I entend to flatter you, and tell you lies to make you true, I

ſwear ther's none ſo faire, ther's none ſo faire, and you believe it too.

Dr. *Colman.*

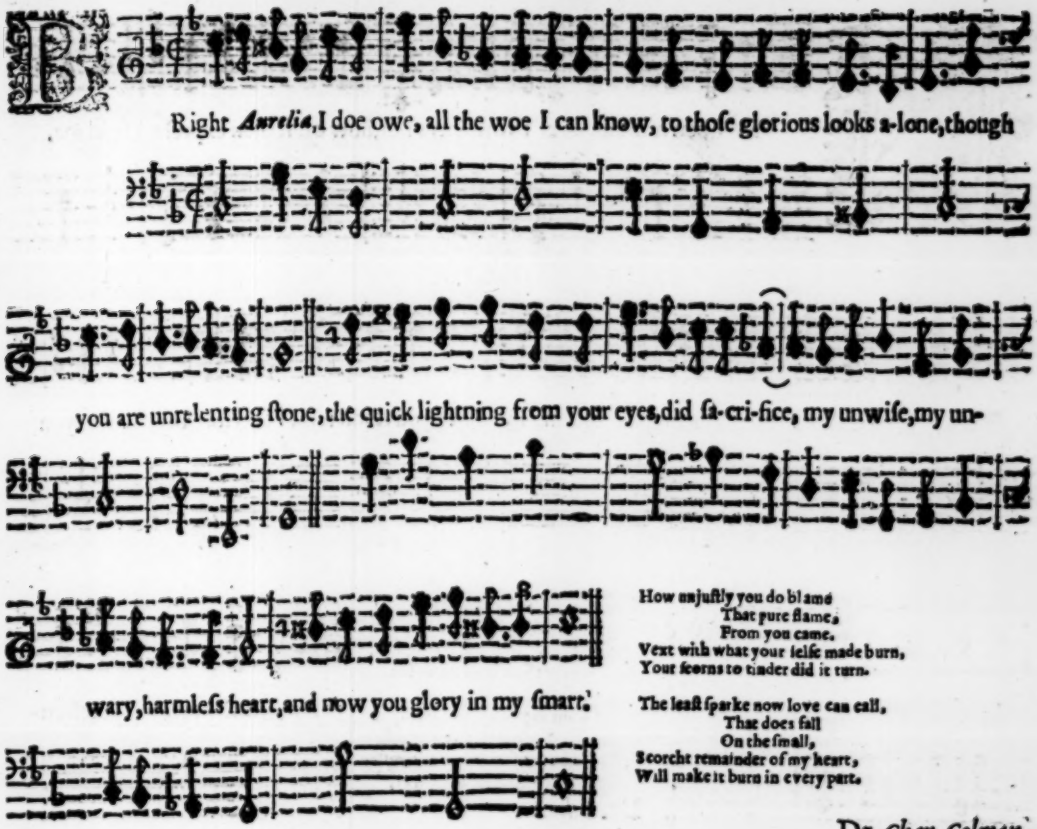


Oft have I matcht you with the Roſe, and ſaid
No twins ſo like hath nature made,
But 'tis
Only in this, ÷
You prick my hand and fade.

Oft have I ſayd there is no precious ſtone
But may be found in you alone;
Though I
No ſtone eſpy, ÷
Unleſſe your heart be one.

When I praiſe your skin I quote the wooll
That Silk-worms from their Entrailes pull
And ſhow
That new fallen ſnow, ÷
Is not more beautifull.

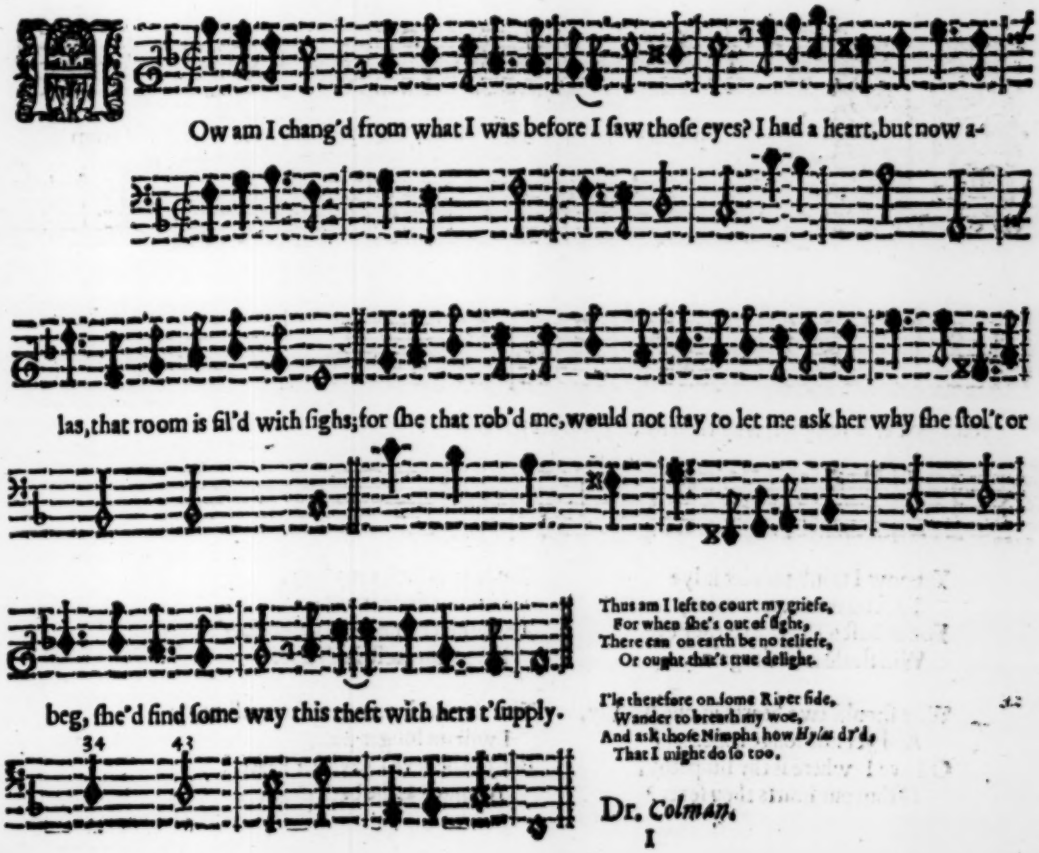
Yet grow not proud by ſuch Hyperboles
Were you as excellent as theſe
Whilſt I
Before you ly, ÷
They might be had with eaſe.



How unjuſtly you do blame
That pure flame,
From you came,
Vext with what your ſelfe made burn,
Your ſcorns to tinder did it turn.

The leaſt ſparke now love can call,
That does fall
On the ſmall,
Scorcht remainder of my heart,
Will make it burn in every part.

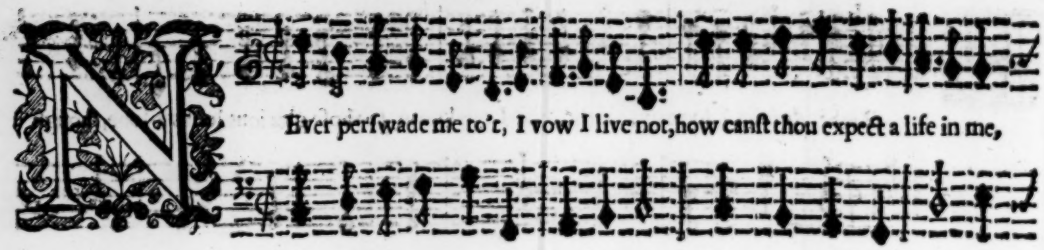
Dr. *Char. Colman.*



Thus am I left to court my griefe,
For when ſhe's out of ſight,
There can on earth be no reliefe,
Or ought that's true delight.

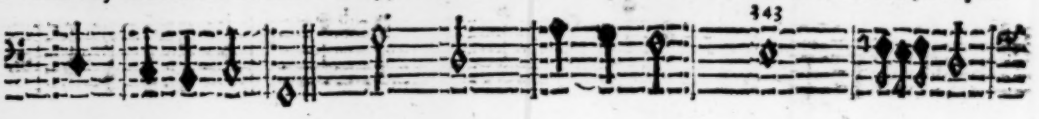
I'le therefore on ſome River ſide,
Wander to breath my woe,
And aſk thoſe Nimphs how *Hylas* di'd,
That I might do ſo too.

Dr. *Colman.*



Ever perswade me to't, I vow I live not, how canst thou expect a life in me,

since my sotule is fled to thee. You suppose because I walk, & you think talk, I therfore breath, alas you



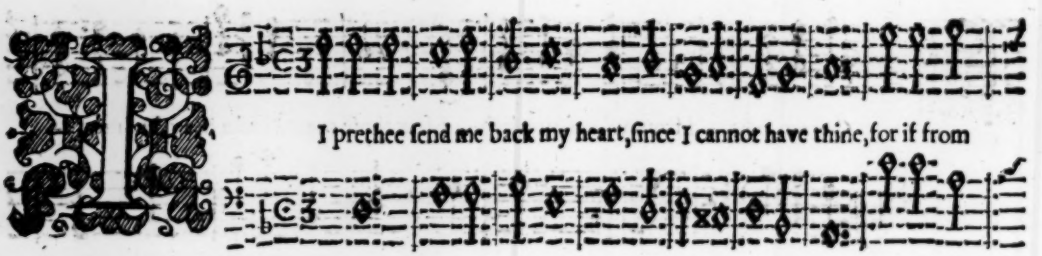
know shades as well as men do so.

You may argue I have hear,
My pulses beat,
My sighs have in them living fire,
And my eyes sparke with desire.

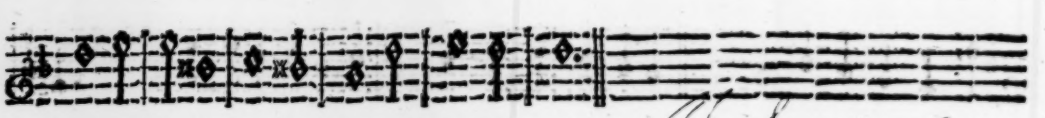
Grant your argument be truth, *
Such heats my youth
Enflame, as poyson do only prepare
To make death their follower.

Dr. *Colman.*

* Truth, such heats my youth en-

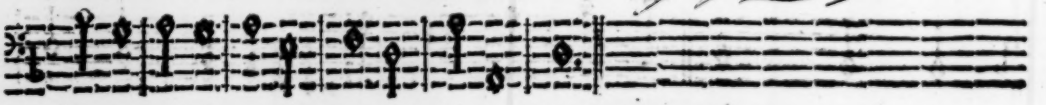


I prethee send me back my heart, since I cannot have thine, for if from



yours you will not part, why then should you keep mine?

W. Lawes

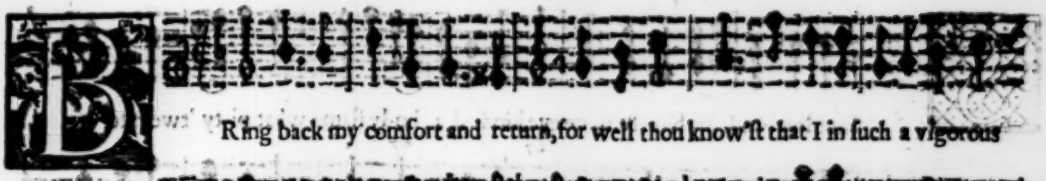


Yet now I think on't let it lye
To send it me were vaine,
For th'hast a theefe in either eye
Will steale it back againe.

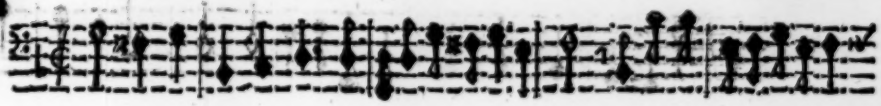
Why should two hearts in one brest ly,
And yet not lodge together?
O Love! where is thy simpathy,
If thus our hearts thou sever?

But love is such a mystery,
I cannot finde it out;
For when I think I'm best resolv'd,
I then am most in doubt.

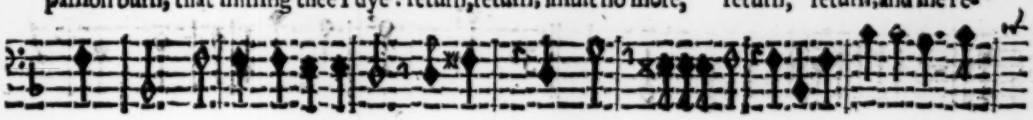
Then farewell care, and farewell woe,
I will no longer pine,
For I'le believe I have her heart,
As much as she hath mine.

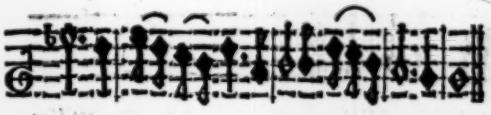


BRing back my comfort and return, for well thou know'st that I in such a vigorous

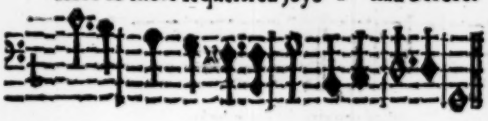


passion burn, that missing thee I dye: return, return, insult no more, return, return, and me re-



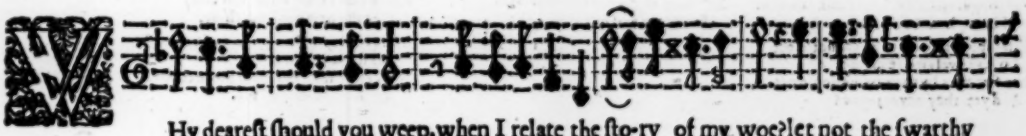


-store to those sequestred joys I had before.

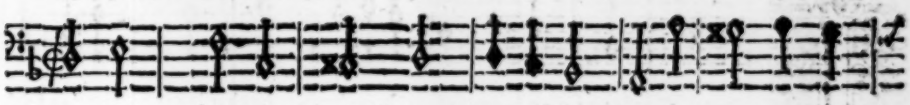


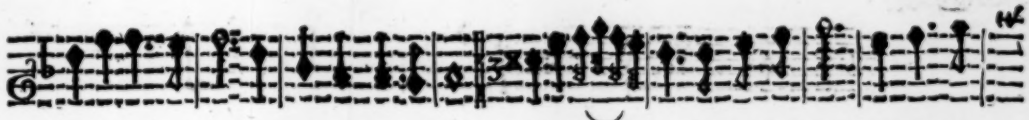
Absence in most, that quenches love,
And cooles their warm desire;
The ardor of my heat improves,
And makes the flame aspire:
The maxim therefore I deny,
And tearm it though a tyranny,
The Nurse to Faith, to Love, to Constancy.

Edward Colman.

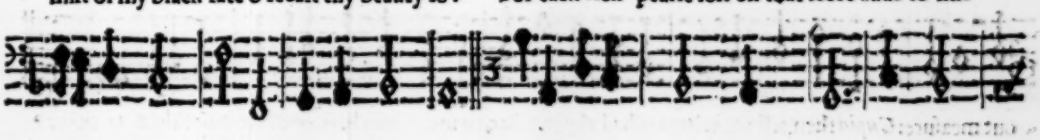


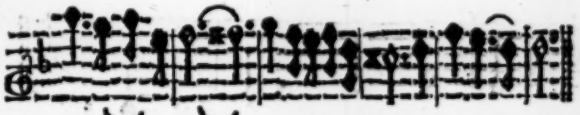
VHy dearest should you weep, when I relate the sto-ry of my woe? let not the swarthy



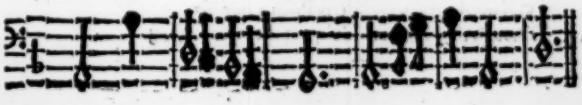


mist of my black fate o'recast thy beauty so: For each rich pearle lost on that score adds to mis-



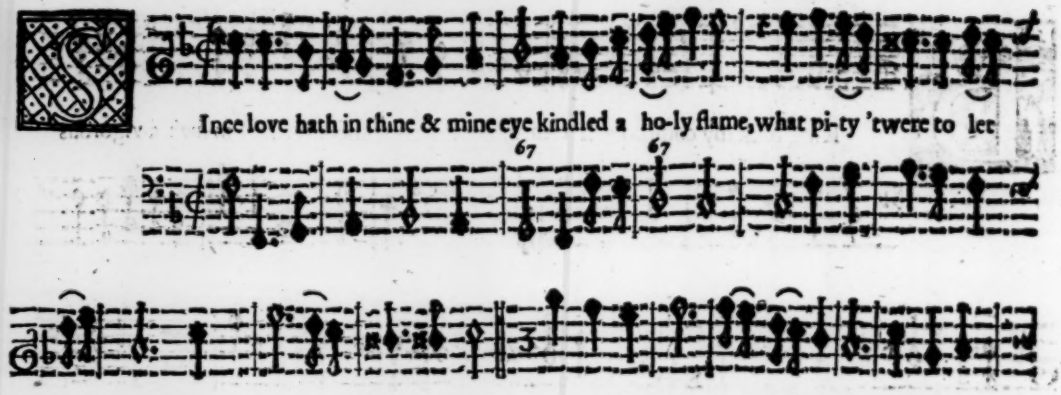


chance and wounds, and wounds your servant more.



Quench not those stars that to Dy bliss should guide;
O stay that pretious tears!
Nor let these drops upon my deluge tyde
To drown thy beauty there,
That cloud of sorrow makes it night,
You lose your Luster, but the World its Light.

Edward Colman.



Dr. *Wilſon.*

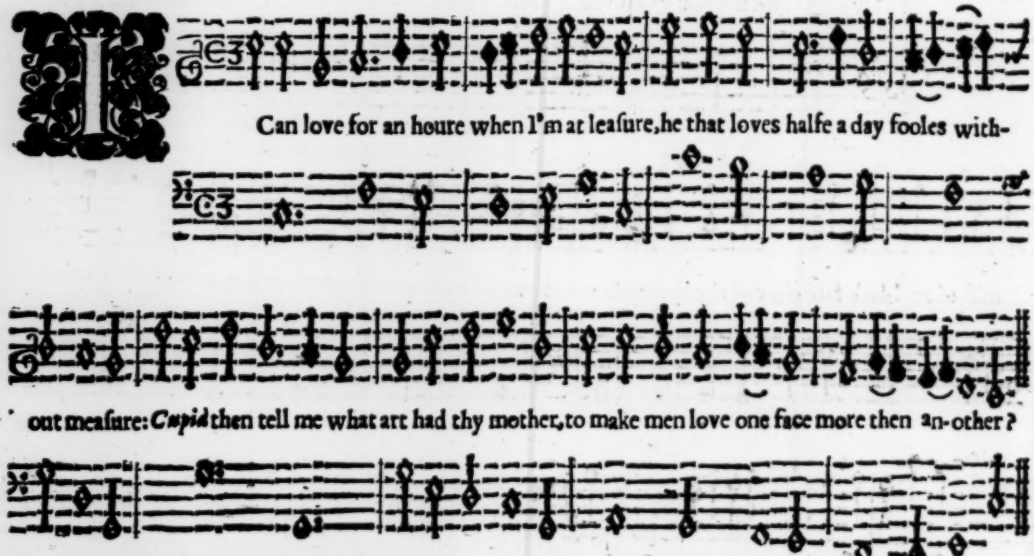
So when the jealous eye and eare
Are ſhut or turn'd aſide,
Our tongues, our eyes, may talk ſans fear
Of being heard or ſpi'd.

What though our bodies cannot meet
Loves ſewels more divine,
The fixt ſtars by their twinkling greet,
And yet they never joyne?

Falſe Meteors that do change their place,
Though they ſhine fair and bright;
Yet when they covet to embrace,
Fall down and loſe their light.

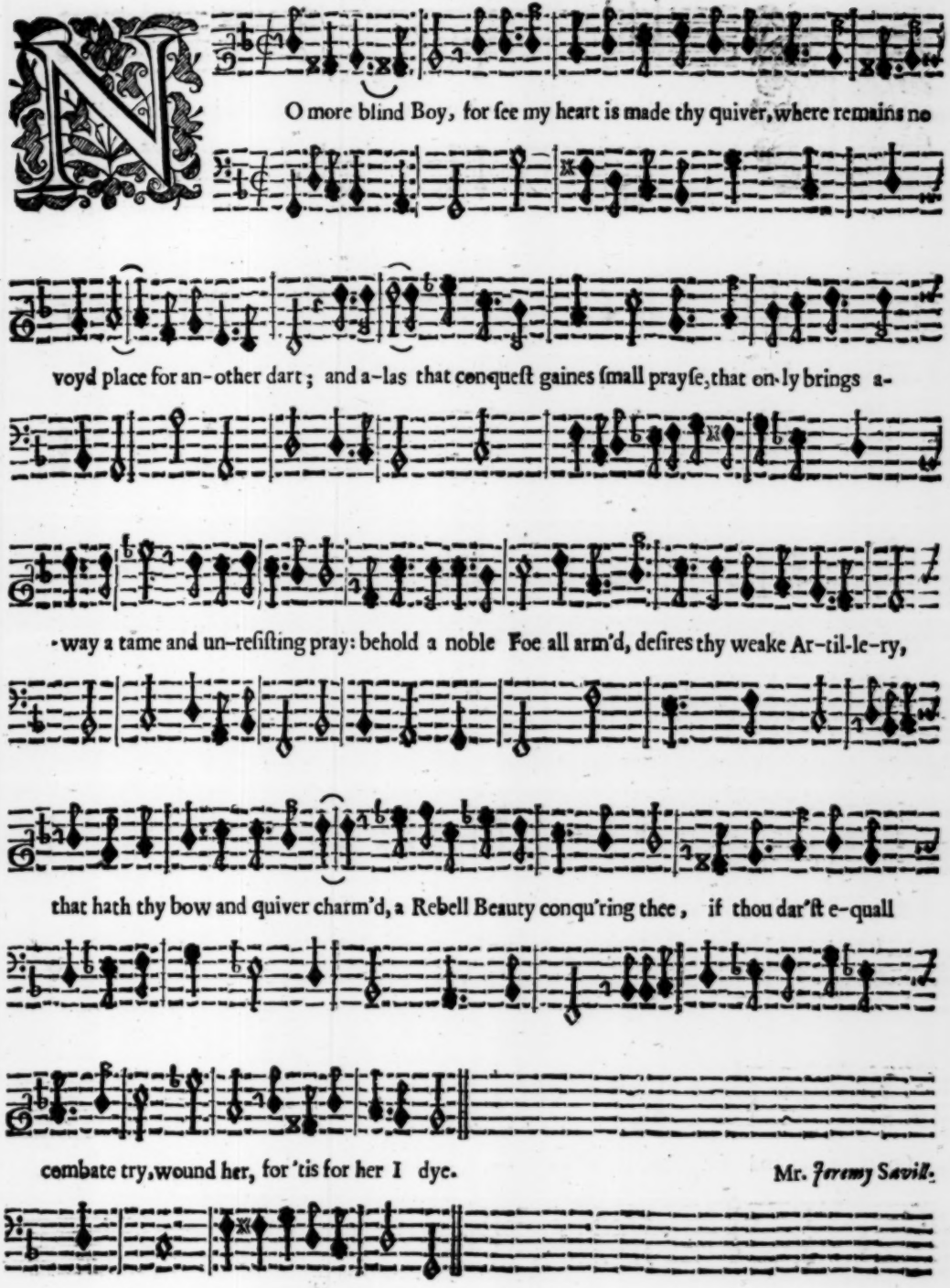
If thou perceive thy flame decay,
Come light thine eyes at mine,
And when I feele mine waſt away
I'le take new fire from thine.

Thus while we ſhall preſerve from waſte
The flame of our deſire,
No Veſtall ſhall maintain more chaſte,
Or more immortall fire.

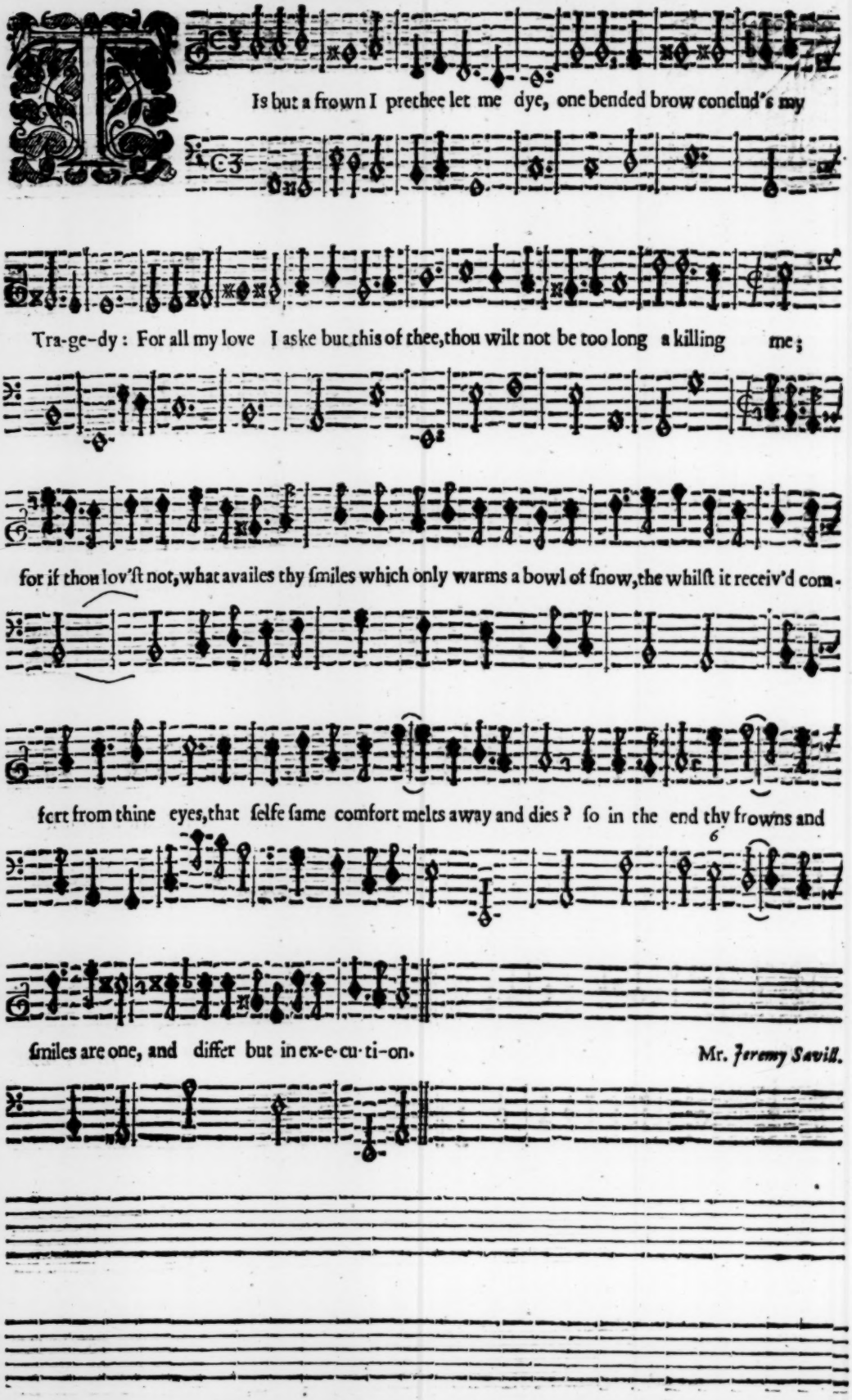


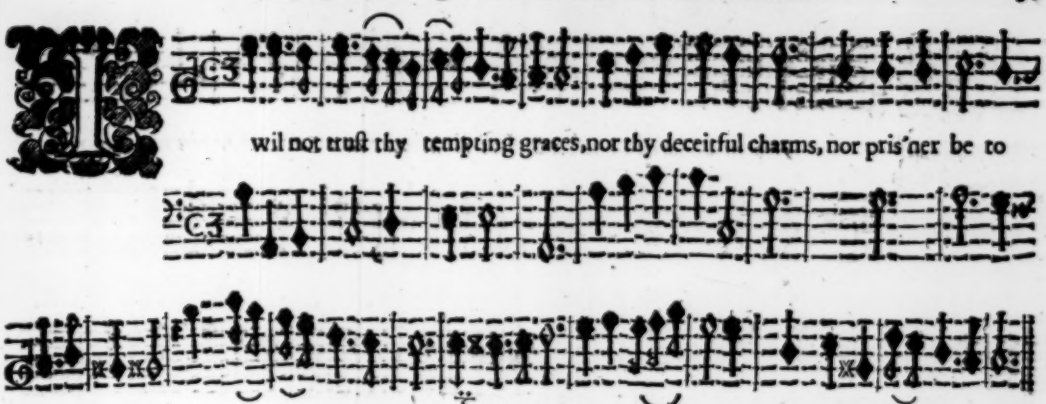
Some to be thought more wiſe dayly endeavour
To make the World believe they can live for ever:
Ladies believe them not, they'l but deceive you,
For when they have their ends, then they will leave you.

Men cannot tyre themſelves on your ſweet features,
They'l have variety of loving Creatures:
Too much of any thing ſets them a cooling,
Though they can never do't, yet they'l be fooling.



Mr. *Jeremy Savill.*

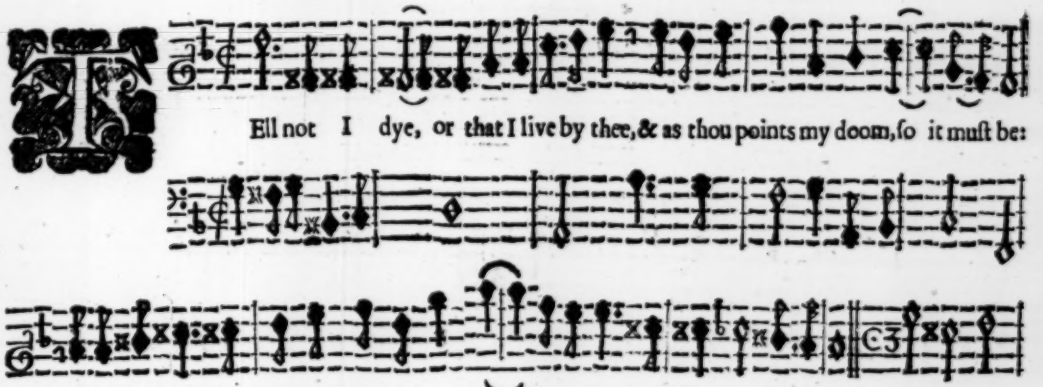

Is but a frown I prethee let me dye, one bended brow concluds my
Tra-ge-dy: For all my love I aske but this of thee, thou wilt not be too long a killing me;
for if thou lov'ſt not, what availes thy ſmiles which only warms a bowl of ſnow, the whilſt it receiv'd com-
fort from thine eyes, that ſelfe ſame comfort melts away and dies? ſo in the end thy frowns and
ſmiles are one, and differ but in ex-e-cu-ti-on.
Mr. Jeremy Savill.



I will not gaze upon thine eyes,
Nor wanton with thy haire,
Leſt thoſe ſhould burn me by ſurprize,
Or theſe my ſoule inſnare;
Nor with thoſe ſmiling dangers play,
Or foole my liberty away.

Since then my weary heart is free,
And unconfin'd as thine;
If thou wouldſt mine ſhould captive bee,
Thou muſt thine own reſigne;
And Gratitude ſhall thus move more
Then Love or Beauty could before.

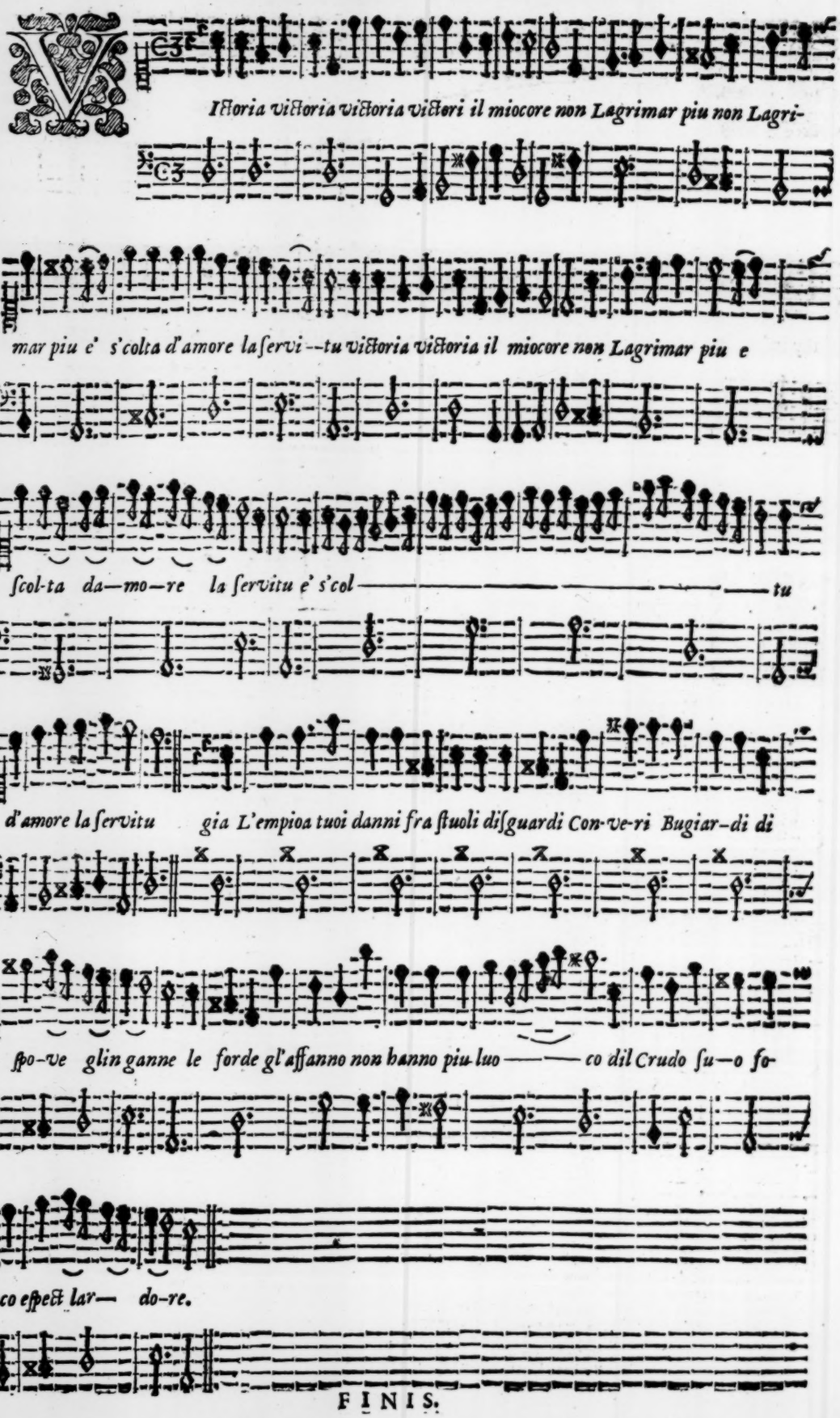
Mr. *Jeremy Savill.*



Tis vanity for a man to build his bliſſe
On the fraile favour of a womans kiſſe,
And moſt unmanly to enthrall his eye,
When Heaven and Nature gives it liberty?
Since Womens Fancies with their Faſhions change,
To love for faſhion to each face that's ſtrange.

I know the humour of your Sex is ſuch,
You ne'r could value any one thing much;
For ſhould thy breaſt with conſtant flames be fir'd,
'Twere more then I expected, although deſir'd:
Then think me not ſo fond, although I love,
But as thou ſteer'ſt thy courſe, ſo mine ſhall move.

He that hath wealth, and can that wealth for-goe,
Is his own man, not ſlave to any woe,
Thus arm'd with reſolution, I am free,
Still o'recommer of my deſtinie:
Yet know I love, though I can leave the ſtate,
He beſt knows how to love, knows how to hate.


Victoria victoria victoria victori il miocore non Lagrimar piu non Lagri-
mar piu e' s'colta d'amore laſervi--tu victoria victoria il miocore non Lagrimar piu e
ſcol-ta da—mo—re la ſervitu e' s'col——————————tu
d'amore la ſervitu gia L'empioa tuoi danni fra ſtuoli diſguardi Con-ve-ri Bugiar-di di
ſpo-ve glin ganne le forde gl'affanno non hanno piu luo———co dil Crudo ſu—o fo-
-co eſpect lar— do-re.

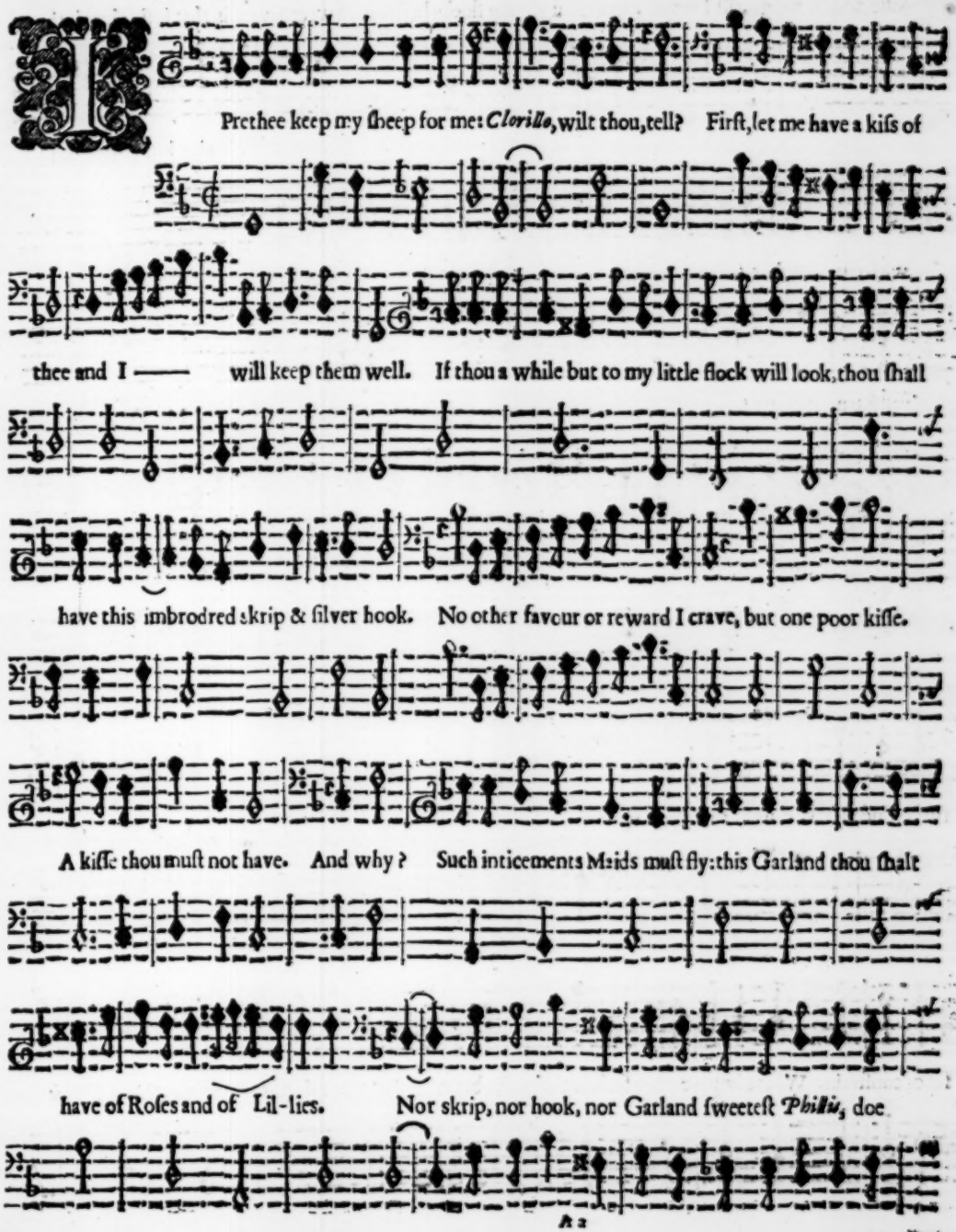
FINIS.

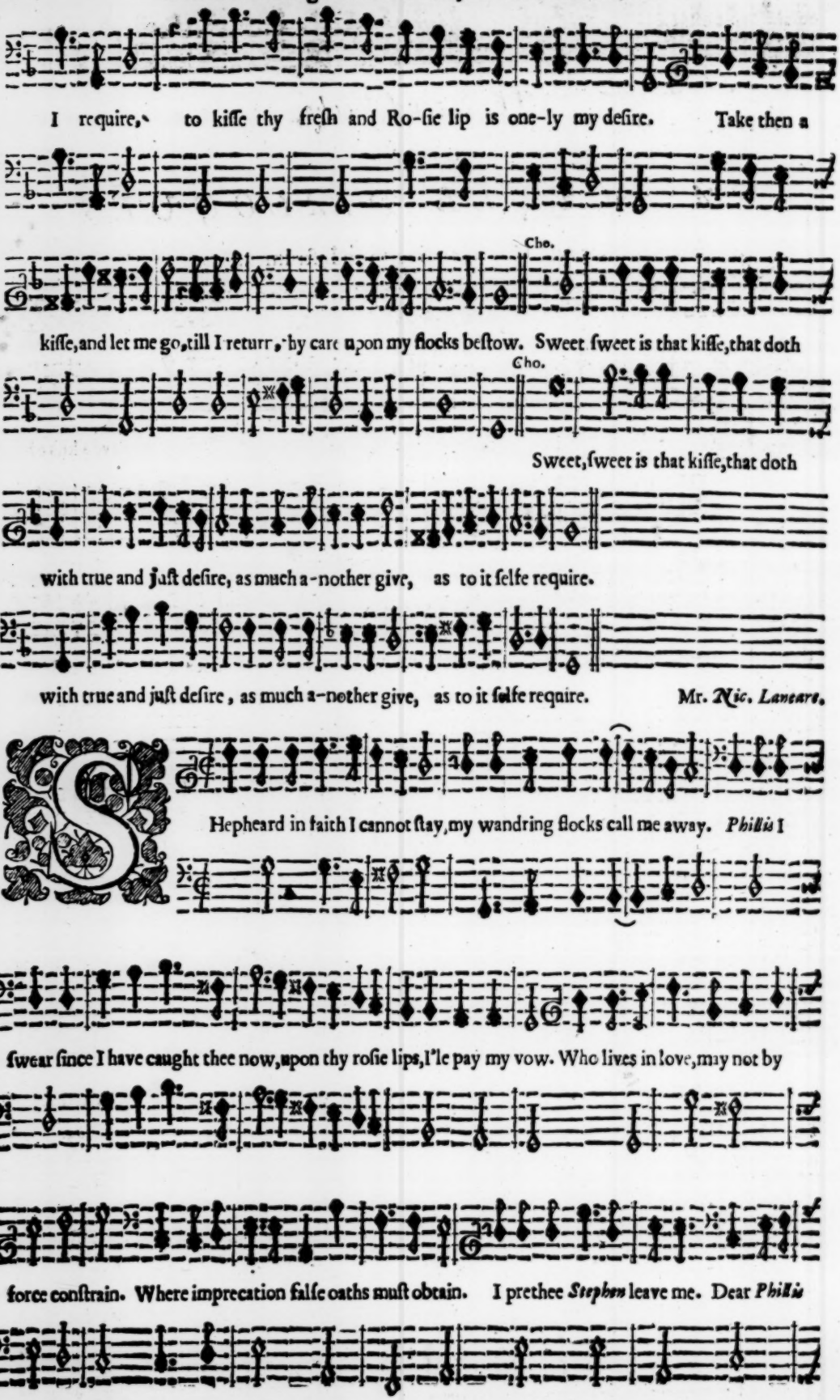
The Second Booke,

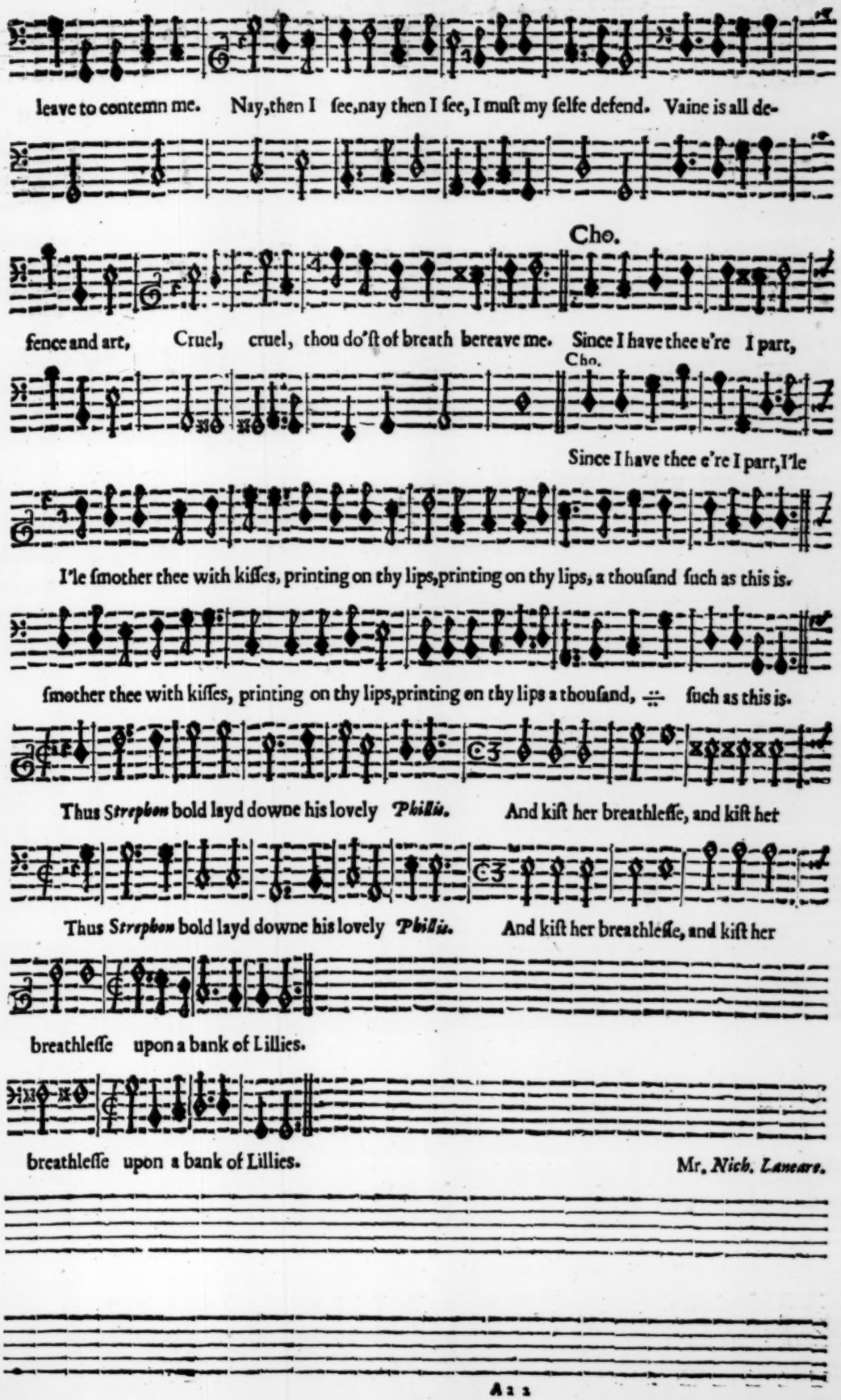
Containing

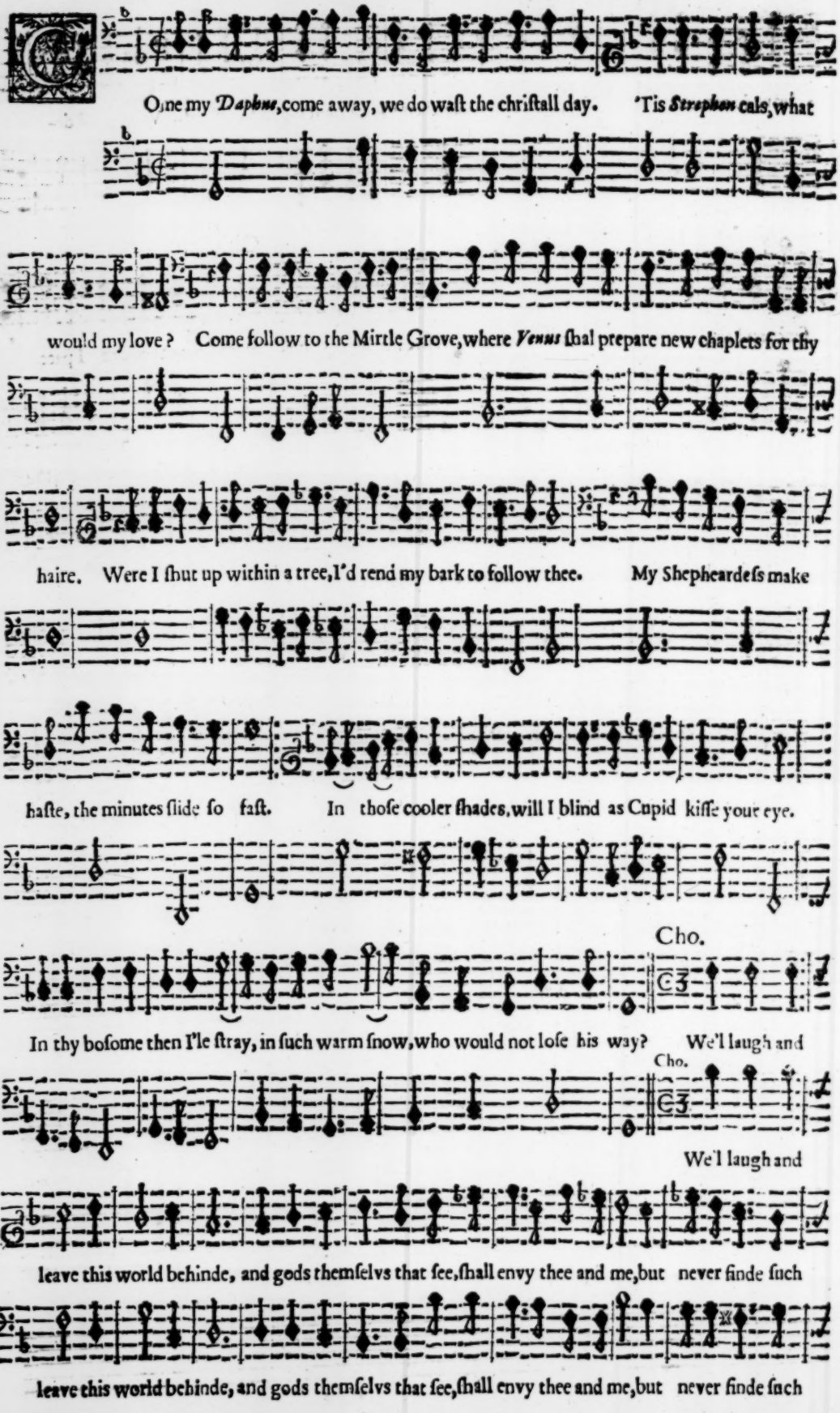
PASTORALL DIALOGUES

For two Voyces to ſing to an Inſtrument.




I require, to kiſſe thy freſh and Ro-ſie lip is one-ly my deſire. Take then a
Cho.
kiſſe, and let me go, till I return, thy care upon my flocks beſtow. Sweet ſweet is that kiſſe, that doth
Cho.
Sweet, ſweet is that kiſſe, that doth
with true and juſt deſire, as much a-nother give, as to it ſelfe require.
with true and juſt deſire, as much a-nother give, as to it ſelfe require. Mr. Nic. Lanears.
Hepheard in faith I cannot ſtay, my wandring flocks call me away. Phillis I
ſwear ſince I have caught thee now, upon thy roſie lips, I'le pay my vow. Who lives in love, may not by
force conſtrain. Where imprecation falſe oaths muſt obtain. I prethee Stephen leave me. Dear Phillis


leave to contemn me. Nay, then I ſee, nay then I ſee, I muſt my ſelfe defend. Vaine is all de-
Cho.
fence and art, Cruel, cruel, thou do'ſt of breath bereave me. Since I have thee e're I part,
Cho.
Since I have thee e're I part, I'le
I'le ſmother thee with kiſſes, printing on thy lips, printing on thy lips, a thouſand ſuch as this is.
ſmother thee with kiſſes, printing on thy lips, printing on thy lips a thouſand, ſuch as this is.
Thus Strephon bold layd downe his lovely Phillis. And kiſt her breathleſſe, and kiſt her
Thus Strephon bold layd downe his lovely Phillis. And kiſt her breathleſſe, and kiſt her
breathleſſe upon a bank of Lillies.
breathleſſe upon a bank of Lillies.
Mr. Nich. Laneare.



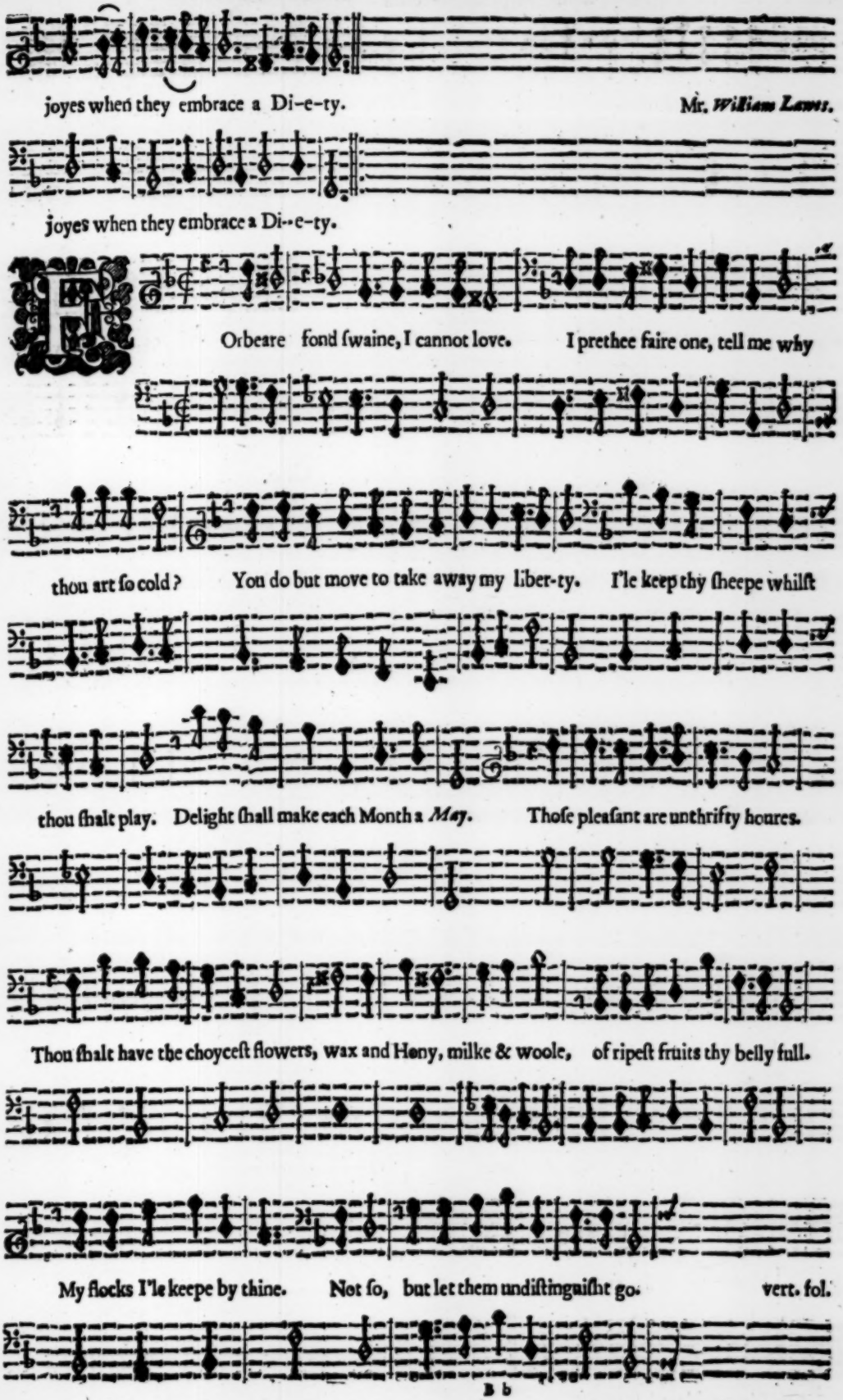
Come my *Daphne*, come away, we do waſt the chriſtall day. 'Tis *Strephon* cals, what would my love? Come follow to the Mirtle Grove, where *Venus* ſhal prepare new chaplets for thy haire. Were I ſhut up within a tree, I'd rend my bark to follow thee. My Shepheardeſs make haſte, the minutes ſlide ſo faſt. In thoſe cooler ſhades, will I blind as Cupid kiſſe your eye.

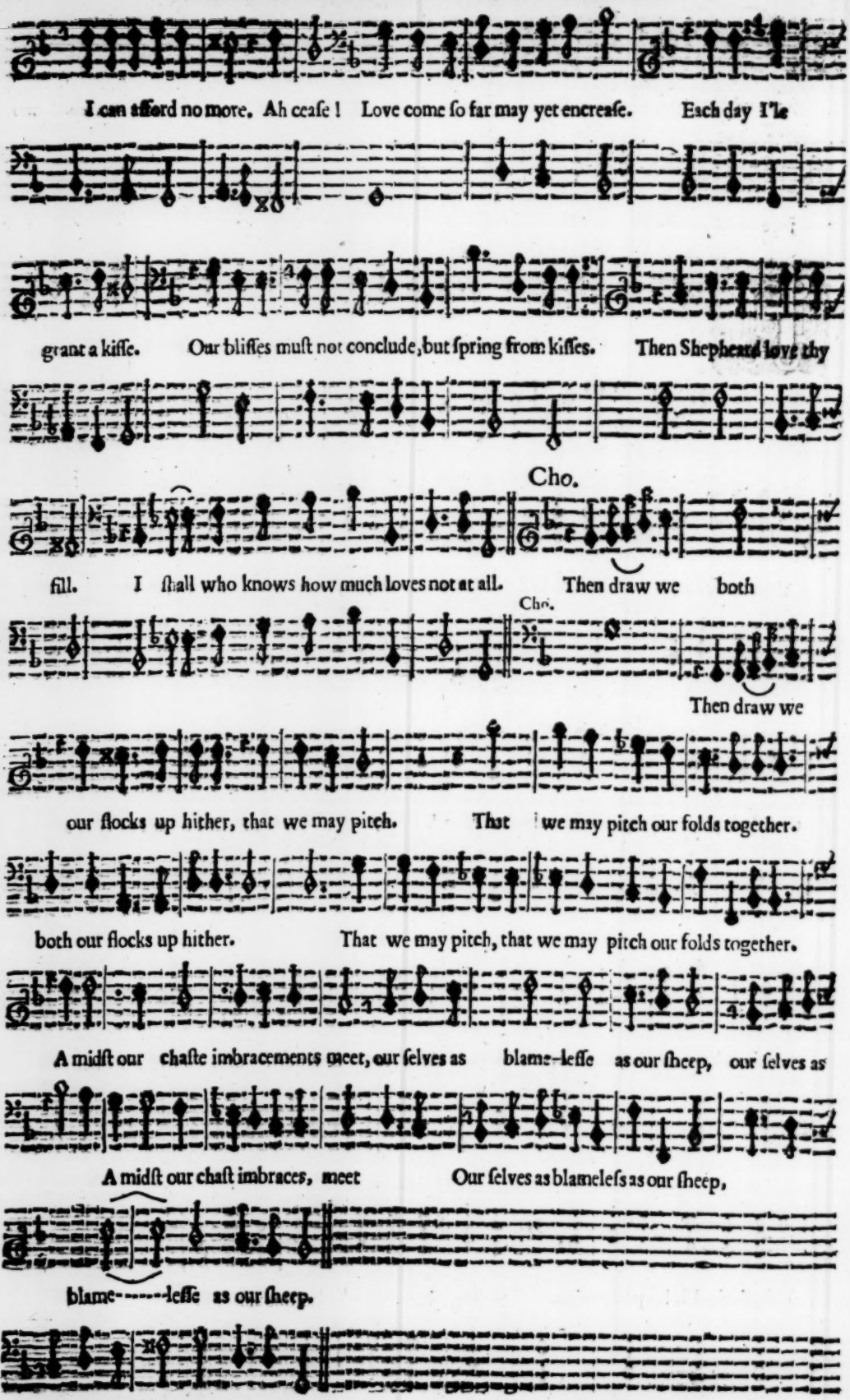
In thy boſome then I'le ſtray, in ſuch warm ſnow, who would not loſe his way? We'l laugh and

We'l laugh and

leave this world behinde, and gods themſelvs that ſee, ſhall envy thee and me, but never finde ſuch

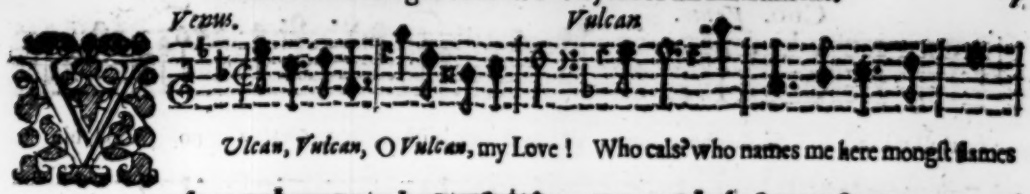
leave this world behinde, and gods themſelvs that ſee, ſhall envy thee and me, but never finde ſuch


joyes when they embrace a Di-e-ty.
Mr. William Lawes.
joyes when they embrace a Di-e-ty.
Orbeare fond swaine, I cannot love. I prethee faire one, tell me why
thou art so cold? You do but move to take away my liber-ty. I'le keep thy sheepe whilst
thou shalt play. Delight shall make each Month a May. Those pleasant are unthrifty houres.
Thou shalt have the choycest flowers, wax and Hony, milke & woole, of ripest fruits thy belly full.
My flocks I'le keepe by thine. Not so, but let them undistingaisht go. vert. fol.

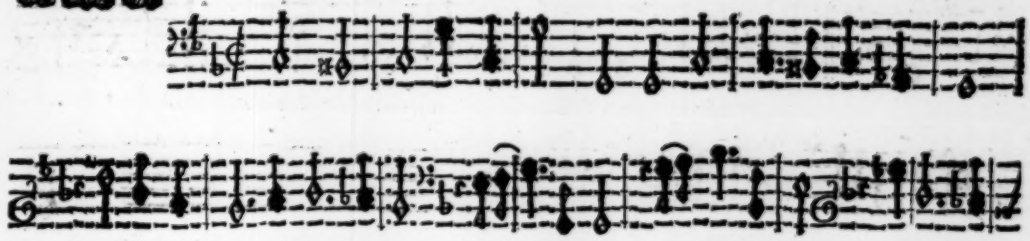


Mr. *William Cæſar, alias Smegergill.*

Venus. *Vulcan*



Vulcan, Vulcan, O *Vulcan,* my Love! Who cals? who names me here mongſt flames



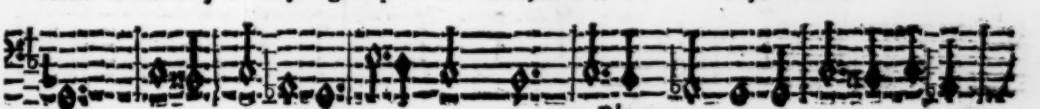
Sweet, hear my plaint, give ſorrow eaſe. Thy ſacred power who dares diſpleaſe? A-las, for-

lorn *Cupid,* my waward ſon doth ſcorn Loves juſt decree, my awfull heſt and heavenly De-i-ty.

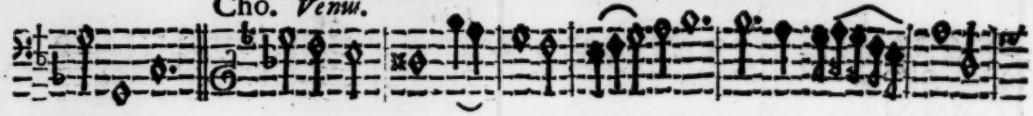
Is he ſo bold? well, for thy ſake, I that his arrows heads have us'd to make of piercing ſteele which

Lo-vers feele, will temper lead, whoſe force is dull, and ——— ſtroak is dead, ſo that hence

forth all men may blith-ly ſing, *Cupid's* no God, his bow a—— Toy, his ſhaft no

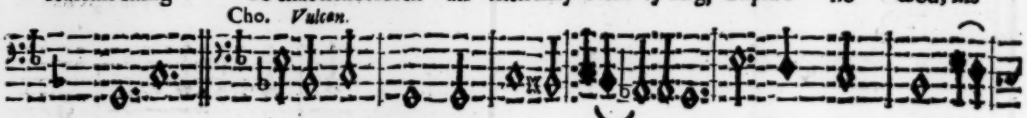


Cho. *Venus.*

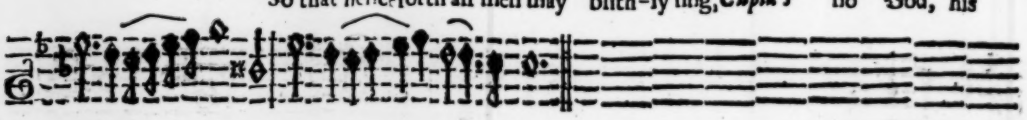


fearfull thing. So that henceforth all men may blith-ly ſing, *Cupid's* no God, his

Cho. *Vulcan.*

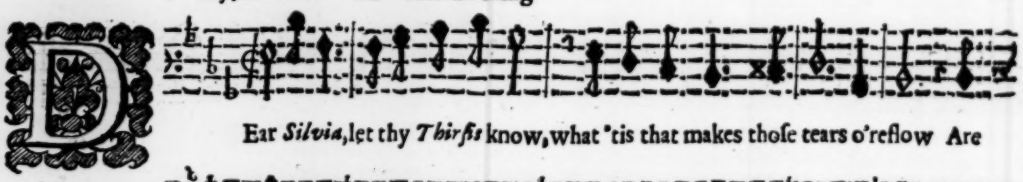


So that hence-forth all men may blith-ly ſing, *Cupid's* no God, his

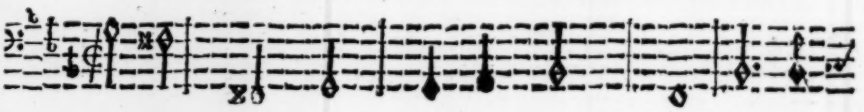


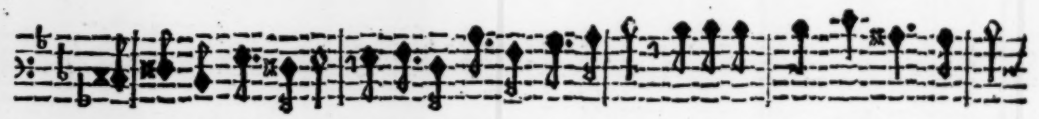
bow a —— toy, his ſhafts no —— fearfull thing. Mr. *William Lawes.*

bow a toy, his ſhafts no fearfull thing.

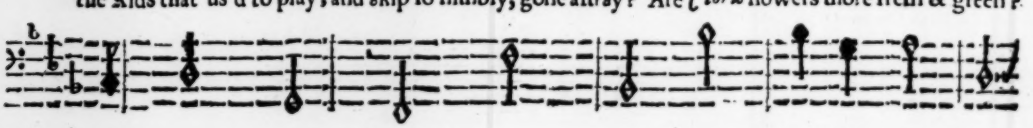


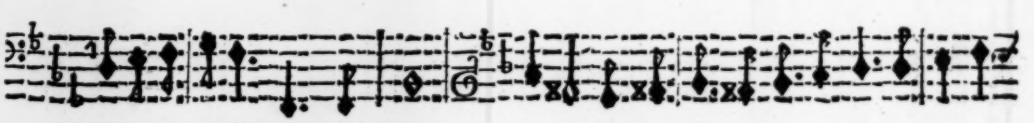
Ear *Silvia*, let thy *Thirſis* know, what 'tis that makes thoſe tears o'reflow Are



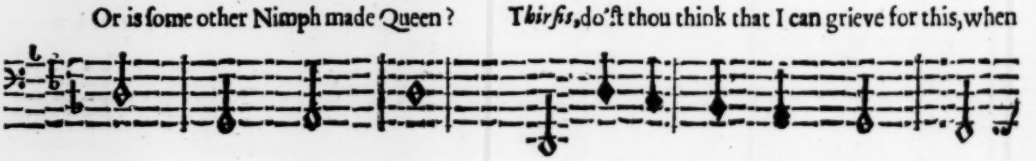


the Kids that us'd to play, and skip ſo nimbly, gone aſtray? Are *Cloris* flowers more freſh & green?



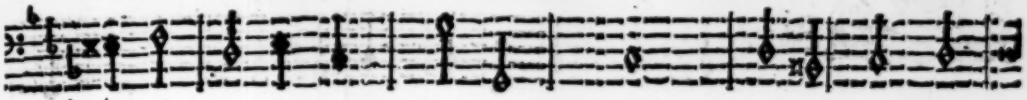


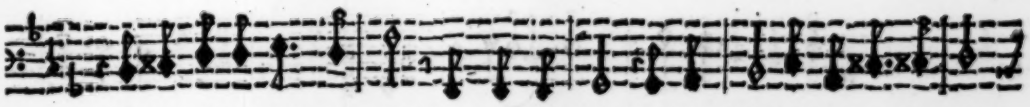
Or is ſome other Nimph made Queen? *Thirſis*, do'ſt thou think that I can grieve for this, when



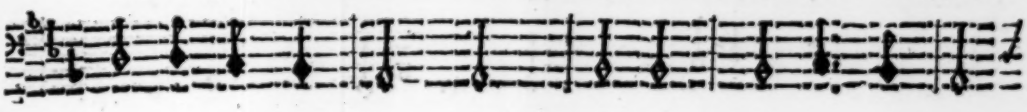
thou art by? What is it then? My father bids that I no longer feed my Kids with thine but

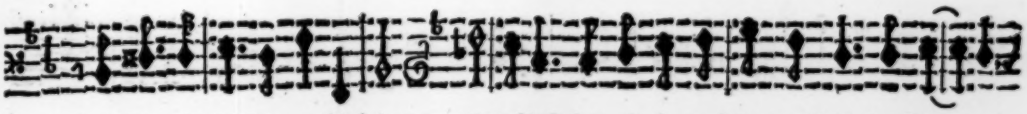
Coridons, and weare none but his Garlands on my haire. Why so? Why so my *Silvia?*



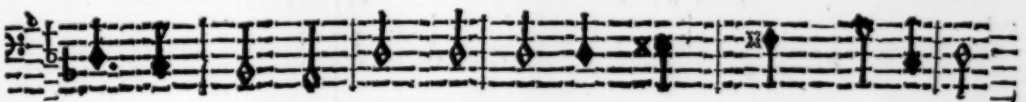


Will he keep thy flocks more safe when thou do'ſt sleep? Will the Nimphs envy more thy praiſe,





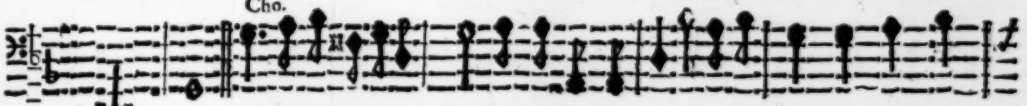
when chanted with his round delaies? No *Thirſis*, I my flocks muſt joyn with his, 'cauſe they are



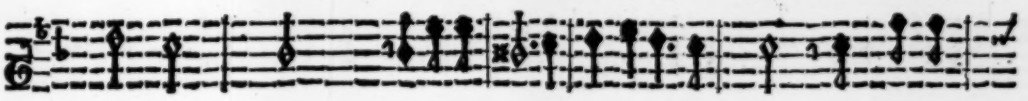
Cho.

more then thine. Fathers cruell as the Rocks, joyn not their children, but their

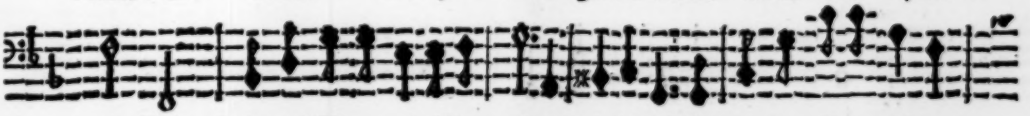
Cho.



Fathers cruell as the Rocks, cruell as the rocks, join not their children, but their

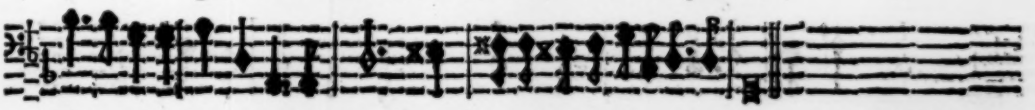


flocks, their flocks, and *Hymen* cals to light his torches there, and *Hymen*

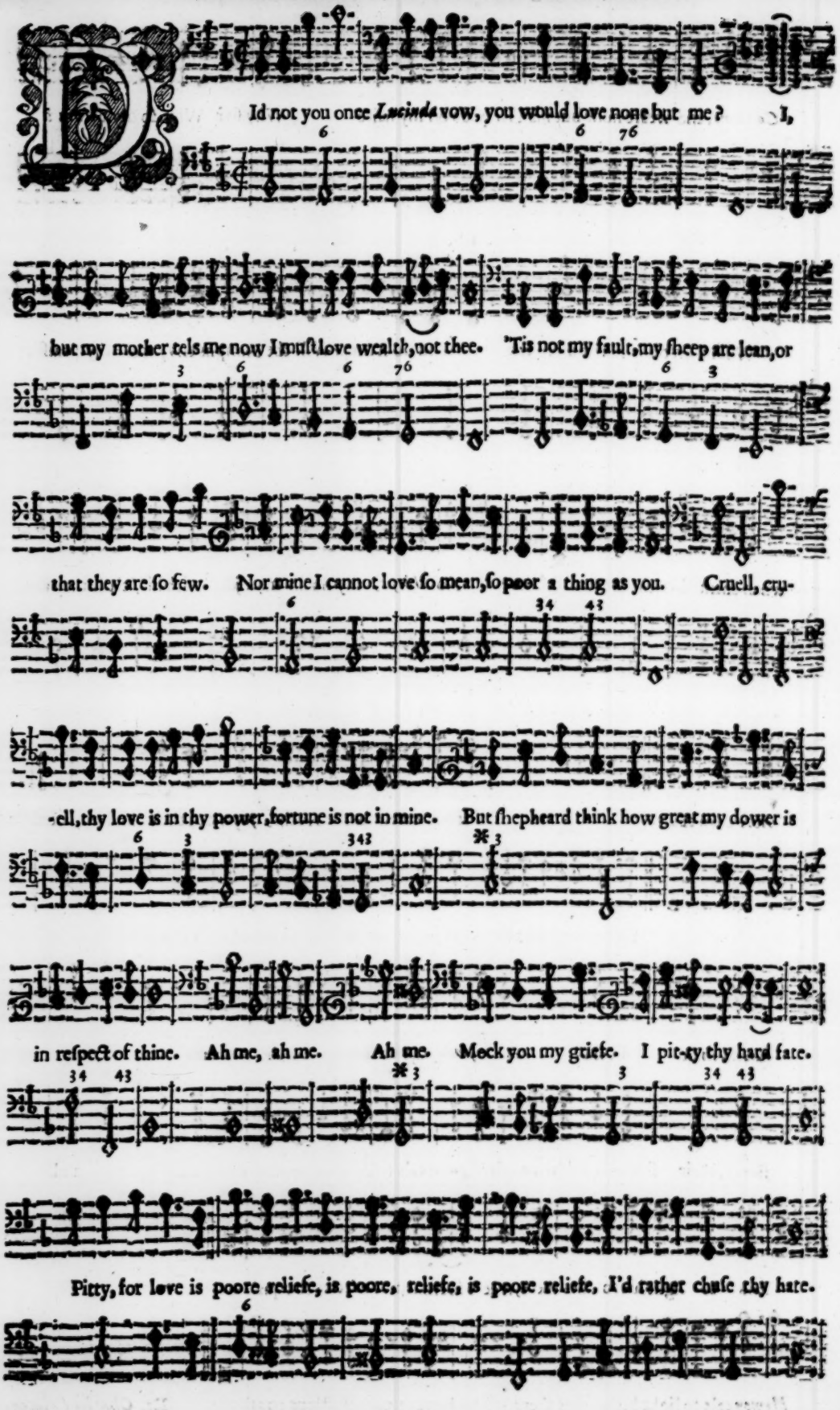


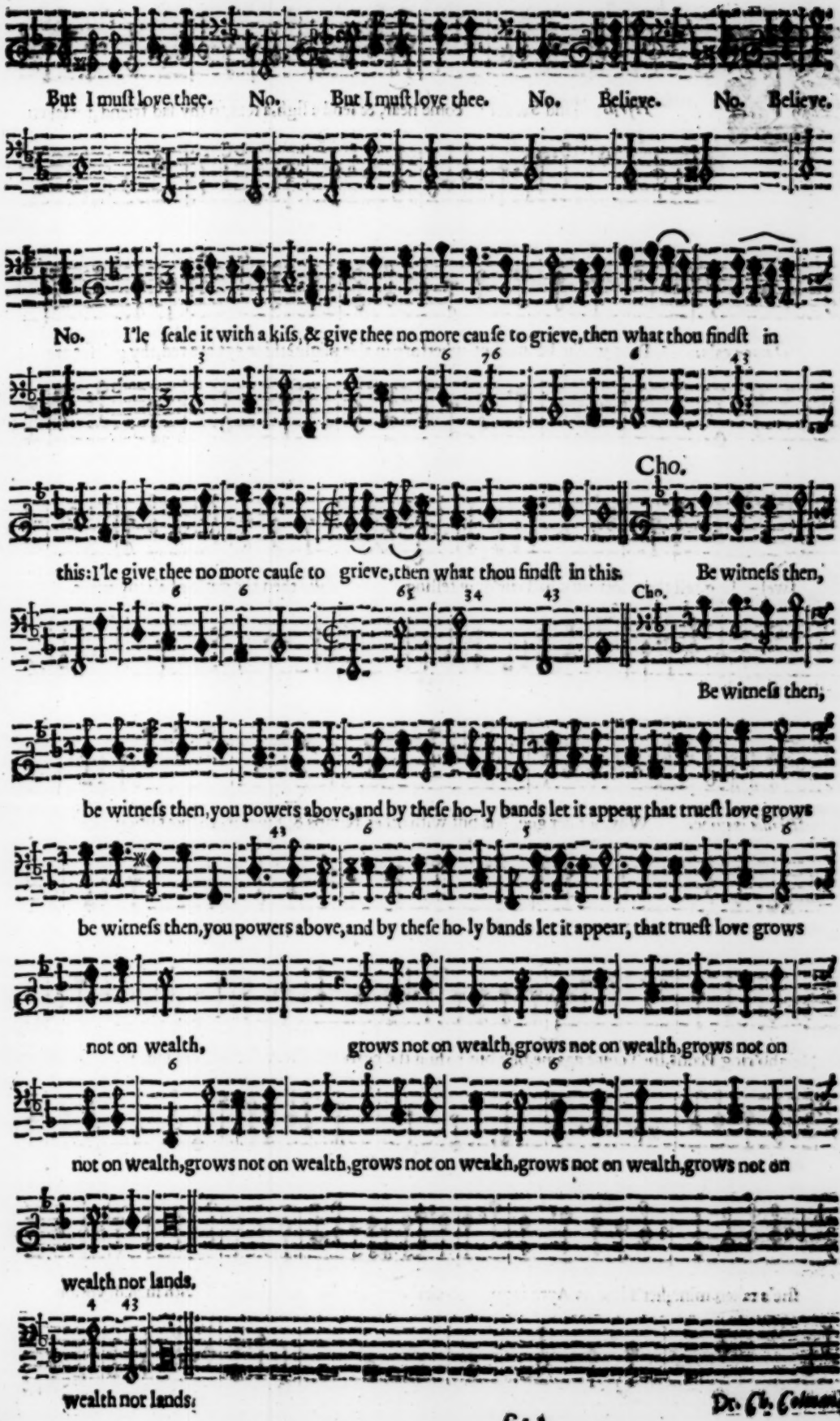
flocks, their flocks, and *Hymen* cals, *Hymen* cals to light his torches there, and *Hymen* cals, and

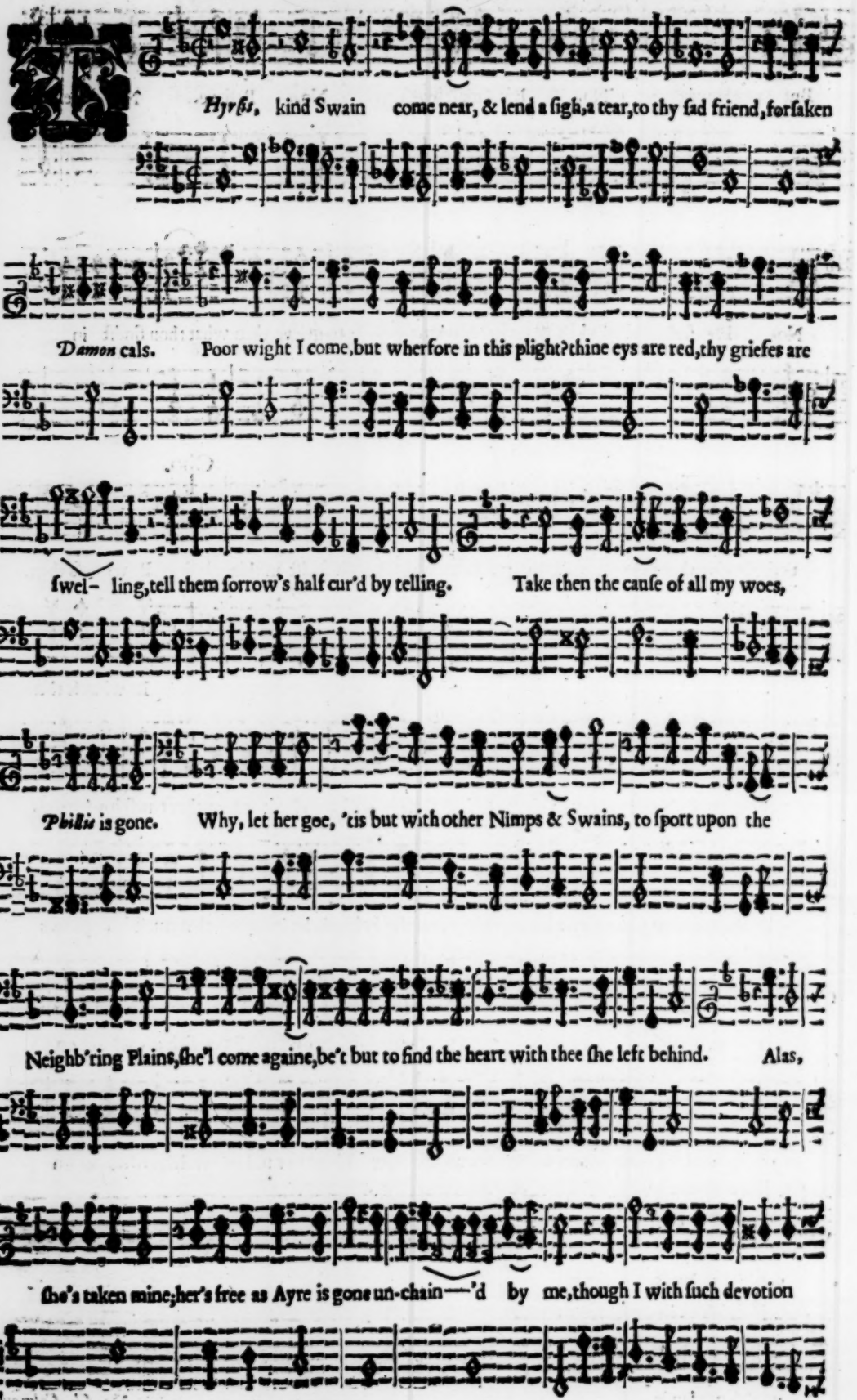
cals to light his torches there, where fortune, not affections equall are.

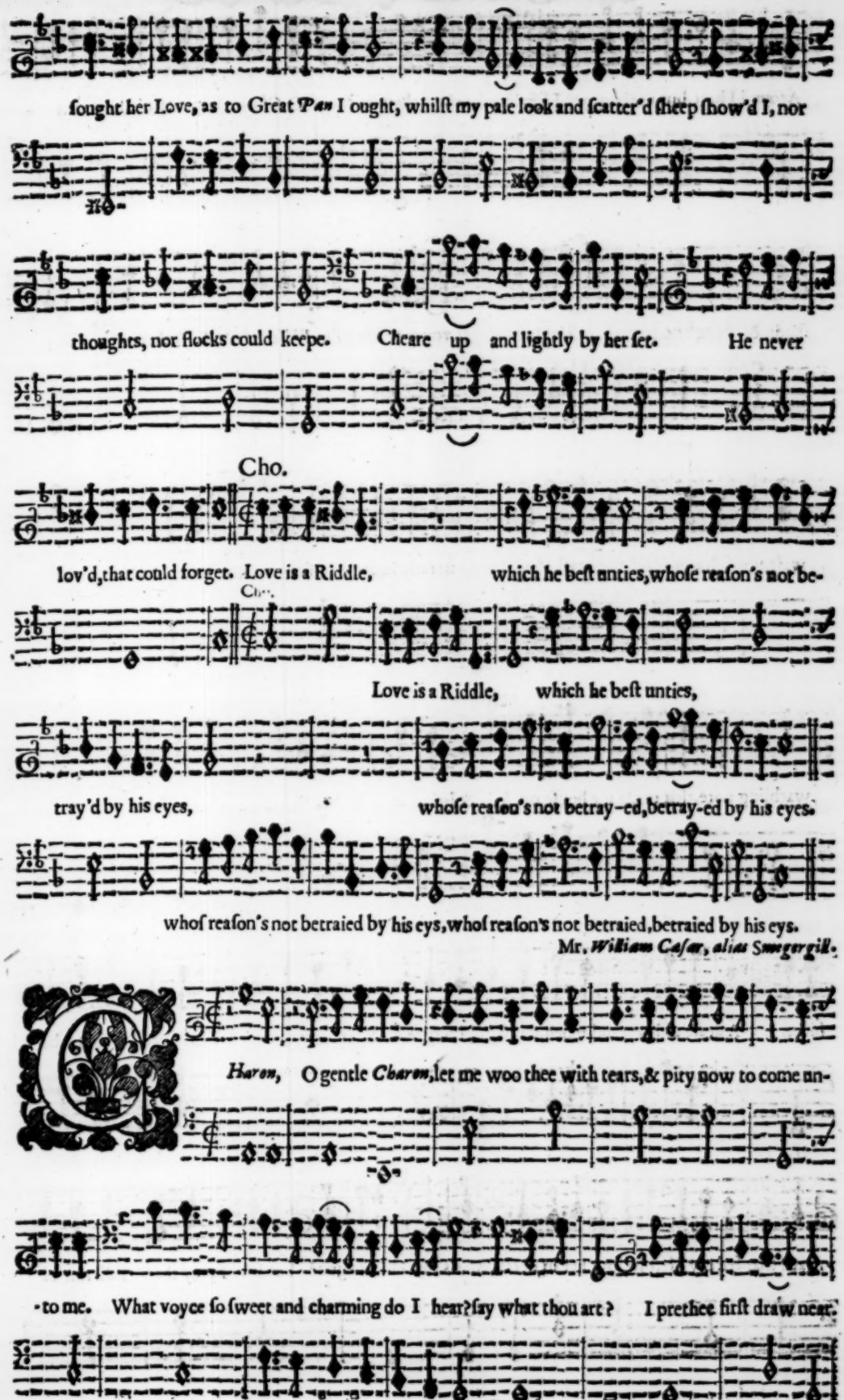


Hymen cals to light his torches there, where fortune, not affections equall are. Dr. *Charles Colman.*


Did not you once Lucinda vow, you would love none but me? I,
but my mother tels me now I must love wealth, not thee. 'Tis not my fault, my sheep are lean, or
that they are so few. Nor mine I cannot love so mean, so poor a thing as you. Cruell, cru-
-ell, thy love is in thy power, fortune is not in mine. But shepheard think how great my dower is
in respect of thine. Ah me, ah me. Ah me. Mock you my griefe. I pit-ty thy hard fate.
Pitty, for love is poore reliefe, is poore, reliefe, is poore reliefe, I'd rather chuse thy hate.

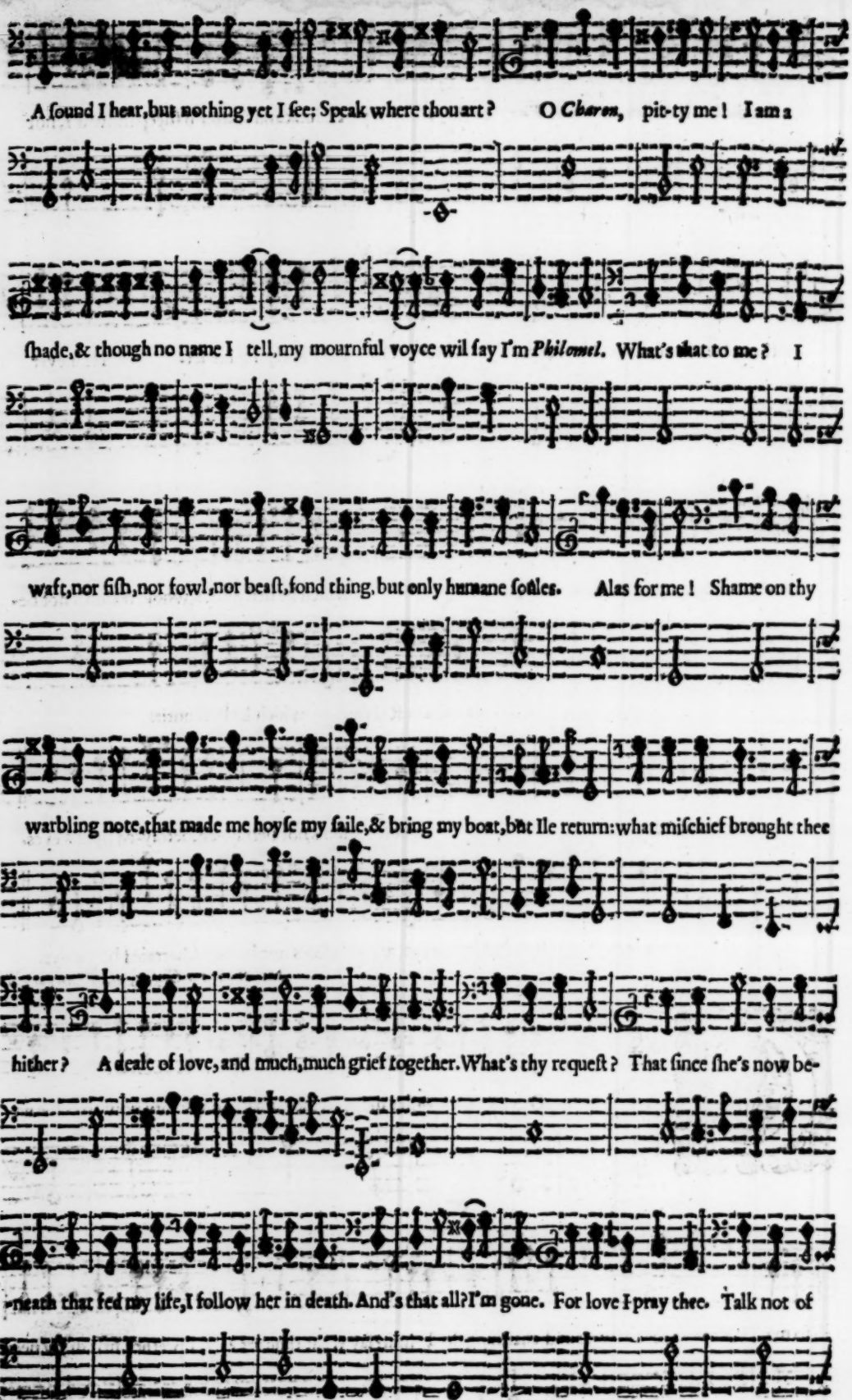

But I must love thee. No. But I must love thee. No. Believe. No. Believe.
No. I'le seale it with a kiss, & give thee no more cause to grieve, then what thou findst in
Cho.
this: I'le give thee no more cause to grieve, then what thou findst in this. Be witness then,
Cho.
Be witness then,
be witness then, you powers above, and by these ho-ly bands let it appear that truest love grows
be witness then, you powers above, and by these ho-ly bands let it appear, that truest love grows
not on wealth, grows not on wealth, grows not on wealth, grows not on
not on wealth, grows not on wealth, grows not on wealth, grows not on wealth, grows not on
wealth nor lands.
wealth nor lands.

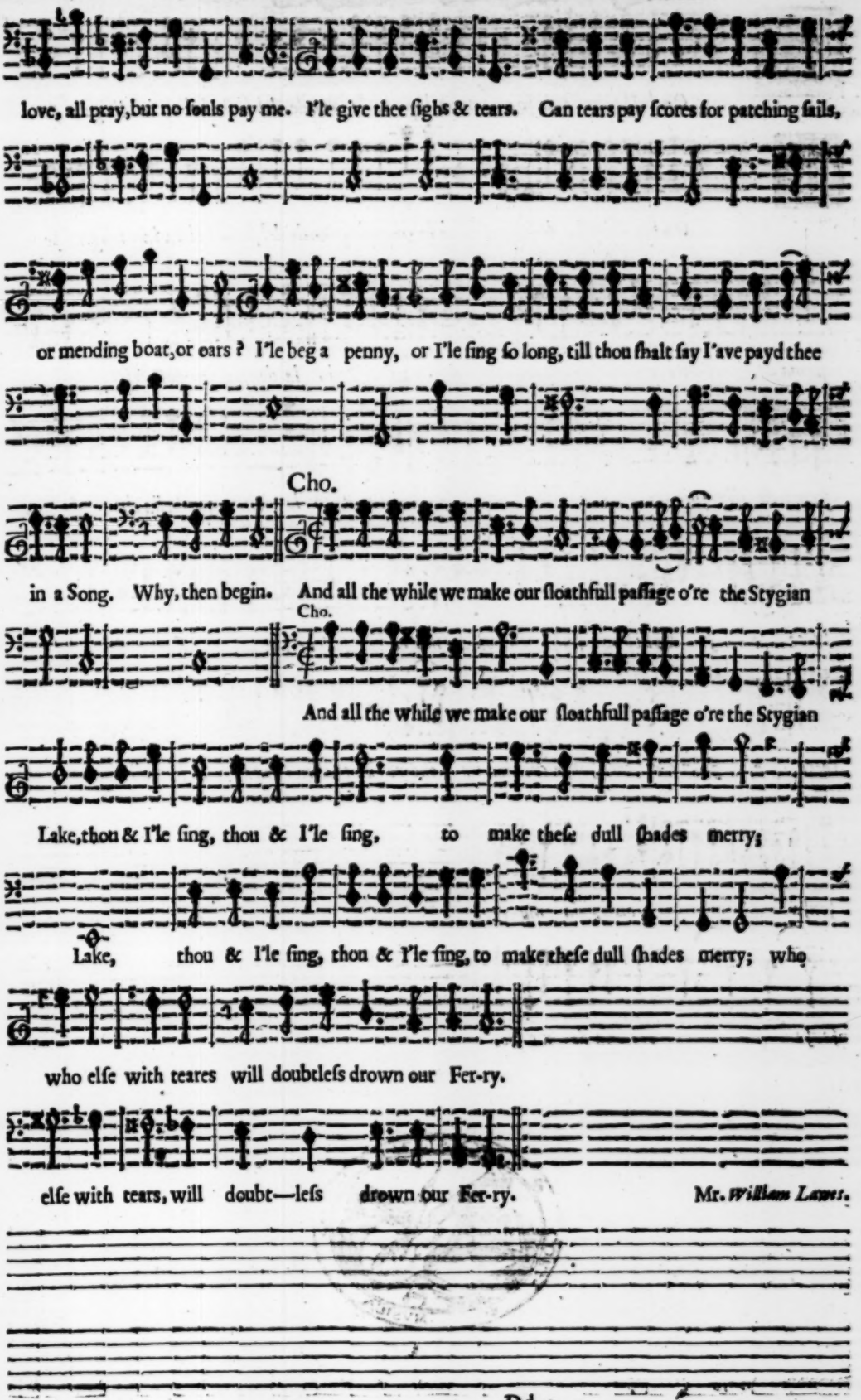

Hyrſis, kind Swain come near, & lend a ſigh, a tear, to thy ſad friend, forſaken
Damon cals. Poor wight I come, but wherfore in this plight? thine eys are red, thy griefes are
ſwel- ling, tell them ſorrow's half cur'd by telling. Take then the cauſe of all my woes,
Phillis is gone. Why, let her goe, 'tis but with other Nimps & Swains, to ſport upon the
Neighb'ring Plains, ſhe'l come againe, be't but to find the heart with thee ſhe left behind. Alas,
ſhe's taken mine; her's free as Ayre is gone un-chain—'d by me, though I with ſuch devotion



Mr. *William Caesar, alias* Smegergill.

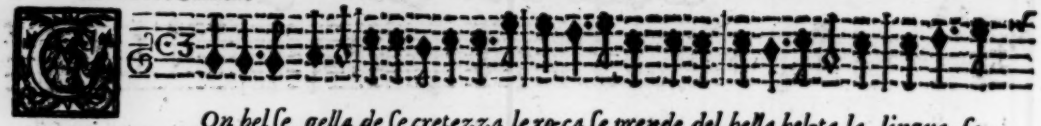
Haron, O gentle *Charon*, let me woo thee with tears, & pity now to come un-
-to me. What voyce so sweet and charming do I hear? say what thou art? I prethee first draw near.


A ſound I hear, but nothing yet I ſee; Speak where thou art? O *Charon*, pit-ty me! I am a
ſhade, & though no name I tell, my mournful voyce wil ſay I'm *Philomel*. What's that to me? I
waft, nor fiſh, nor fowl, nor beaſt, fond thing, but only humane ſoules. Alas for me! Shame on thy
warbling note, that made me hoyſe my ſaile, & bring my boat, but Ile return: what miſchief brought thee
hither? A deale of love, and much, much grief together. What's thy requeſt? That ſince ſhe's now be-
-neath that fed my life, I follow her in death. And's that all? I'm gone. For love I pray thee. Talk not of

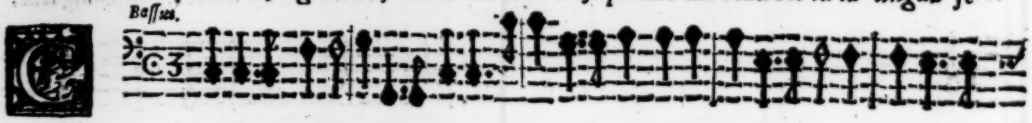


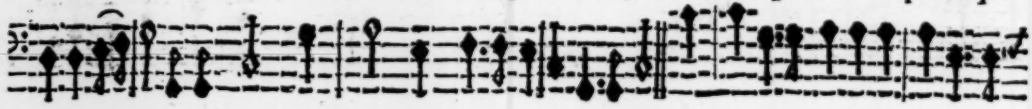
Mr. *William Lawes.*

a. 2. Voc. Cantus.



Baſſus.





FINIS.

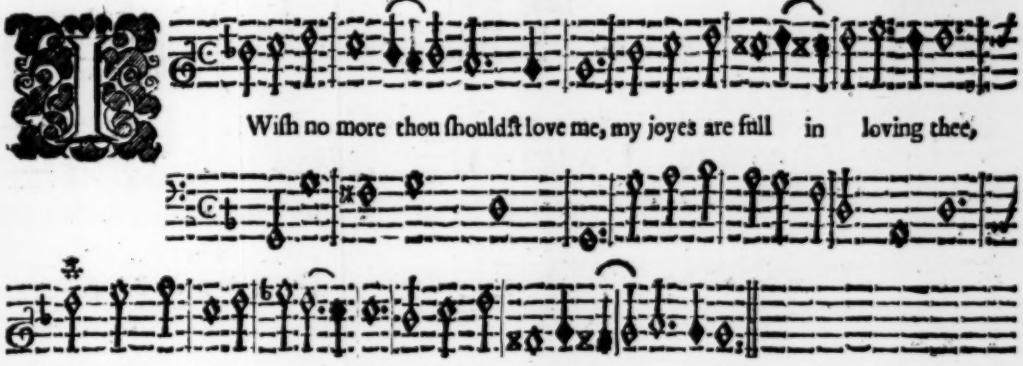
The Third Booke,

Containing

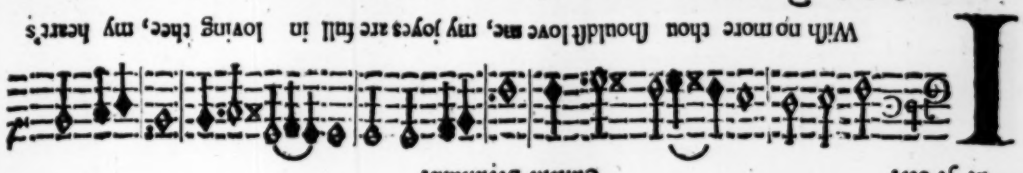
Short *AYRES* or *SONGS* for three Voyces:

Which may be ſung either by a Voyce alone, or by two or three Voyces.

a. 3. Voc. *Cantus Primus.* Mr. *William Webb.*



a. 3. Voc. *Cantus Secundus.*

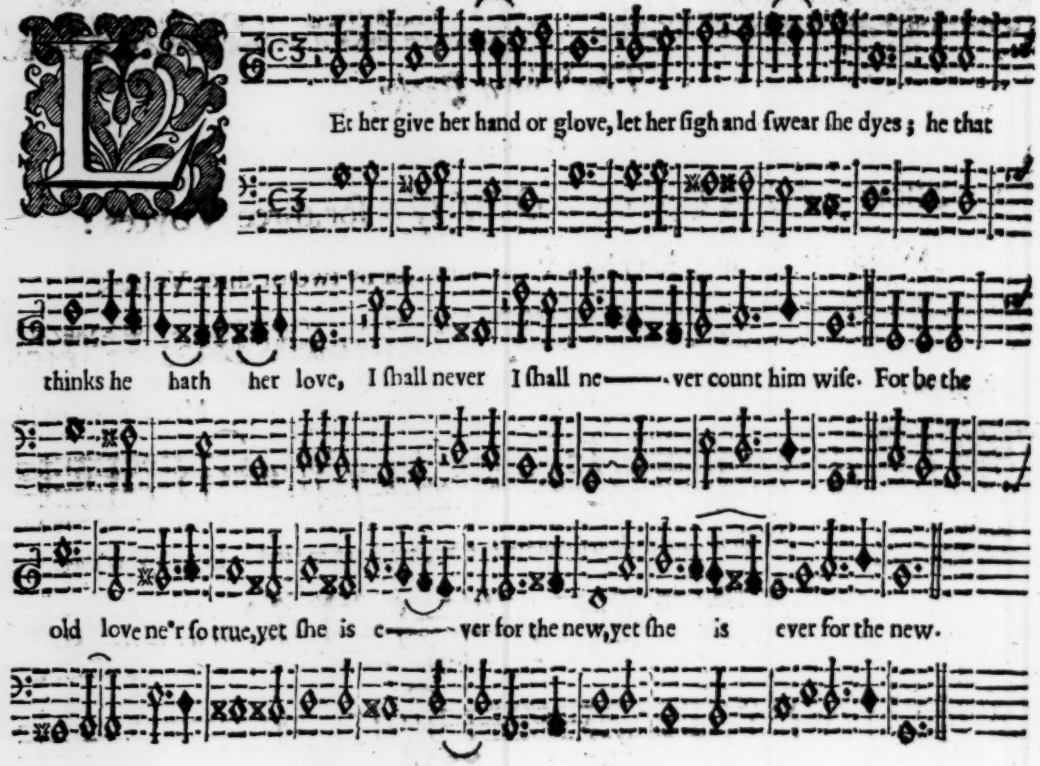


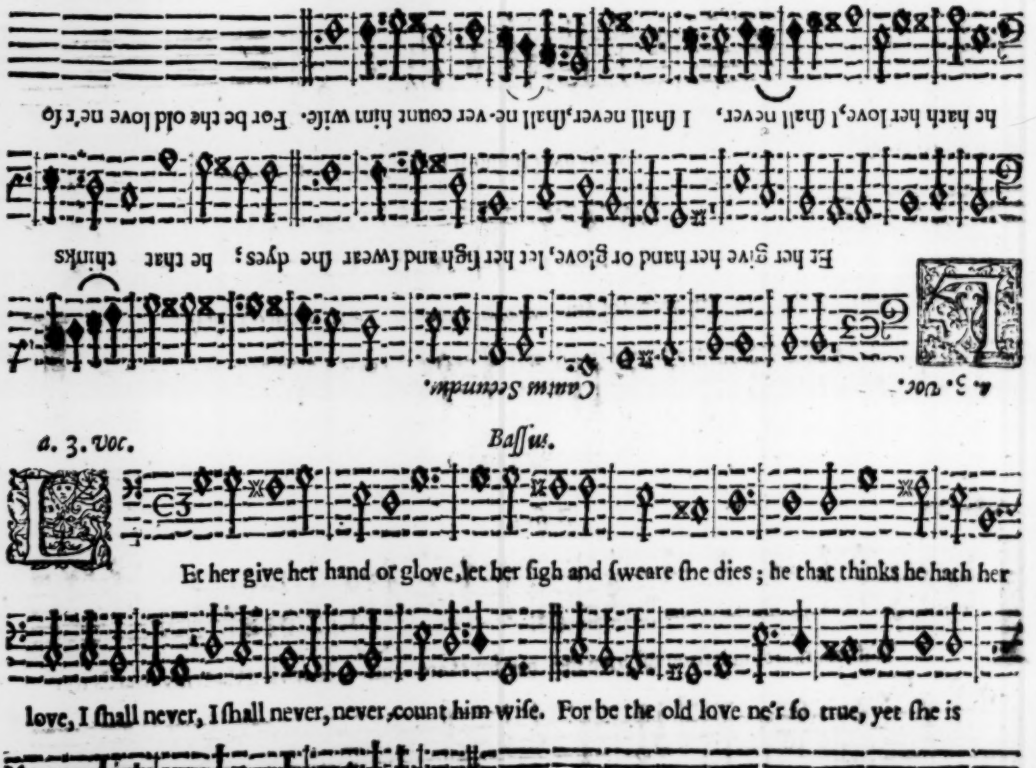
Mr. *William Webb.*

a. 3. Voc. *Baſſus.*

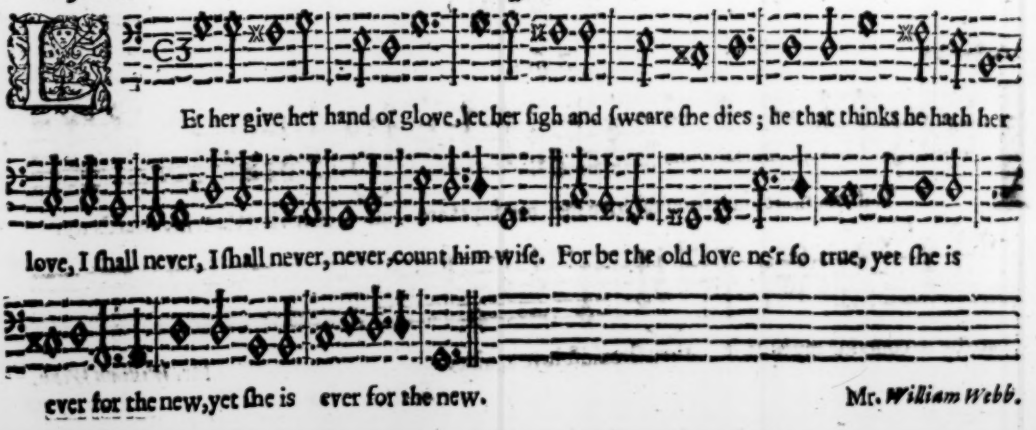
Mr. *William Webb.*

a. 3. Voc. *Cantus Primus.* Mr. *William Webb.*

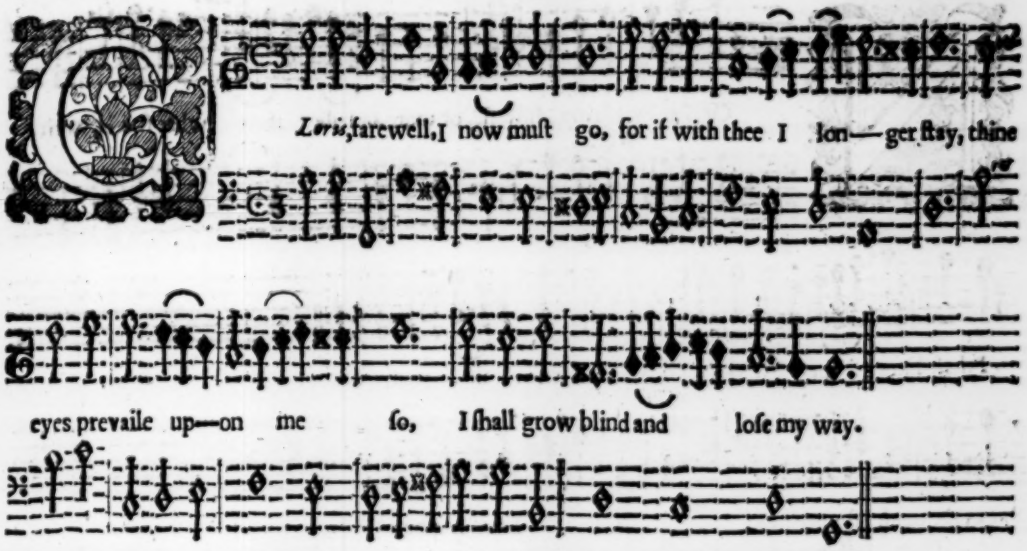




a. 3. Voc. *Baſſus.*



a. 3. Voc. *Cantus Primus.* Mr. *William Webb.*



Fame of thy Beauty, and thy Youth
Amongſt the reſt me hither brought,
Finding this Fame full ſhort of truth,
Made me ſtay longer then I thought.

For I'm ingag'd by word and oath
A ſervant to anothers will;
Yet for thy love would forfeit both,
Could I be ſure to keep it ſtill.

But what aſſurance can I take,
When thou fore-knowing this abuſe,
For ſome more worthy Lovers ſake,
May'ſt leave me with ſo juſt excuſe.

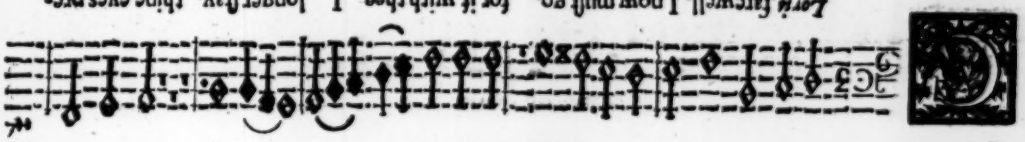
For thou may'ſt ſay 'twas not thy fault
That thou didſt thus unconſtant prove;
Thou wert by my example taught
To break thy oath, to mend thy love.

No *Cloris*, no, I will return,
And raiſe thy ſtory to that height,
That ſtrangers ſhall at diſtance burn,
And ſhe diſtruſt me Reprobate.

Then ſhall my love this doubt diſplace,
And gain ſuch truſt, that I may come
And banquet ſometimes on thy face,
But make my conſtant meales at home.

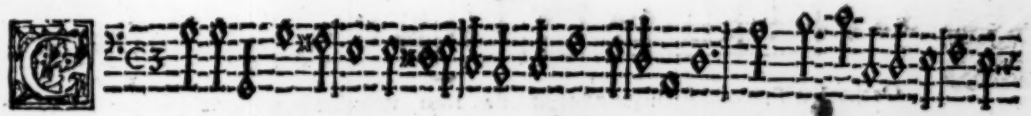
yaile up-on me ſo, I ſhall grow blind and loſe my way. Mr. *William Webb.*

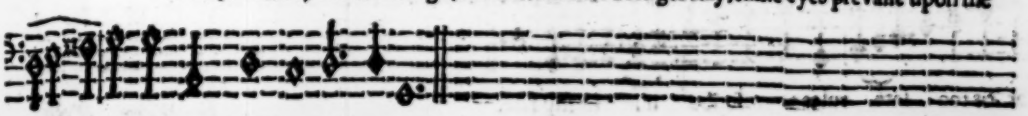
Loris farewell, I now muſt go, for if with thee I longer ſtay, thine eyes pre-



a. 3. Voc. *Cantus Secundus.*

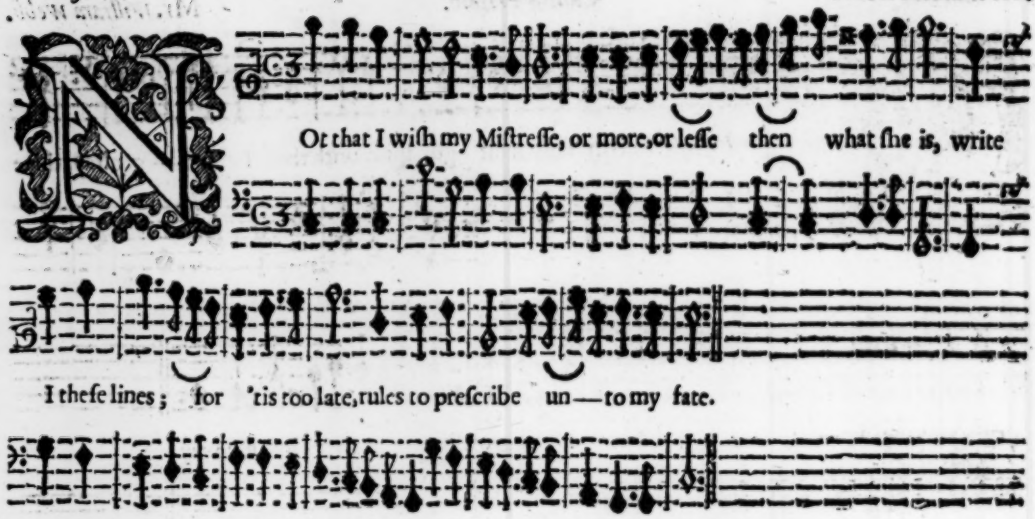
a. 3. Voc. *Baſſus.*





Mr. *William Webb.*

a. 3. Voc. *Cantus Primus.* Mr. *william Webb.*



But as the tender ſtomack call
For choyce of meats, yet brooke not all;
So queaſie love may here impart
What Miſtreſſe 'tis beſt takes the heart.

First, I would have her richly ſpread
With natures bloſſome, white and red;
For flaming heat will quickly dye,
Where is no fuell for the eye.

Yet this alone will never win,
Unleſſe ſome treaſure be within;
For where the ſpoyl's not worth the prey,
Men raiſe their ſeige, and march away.

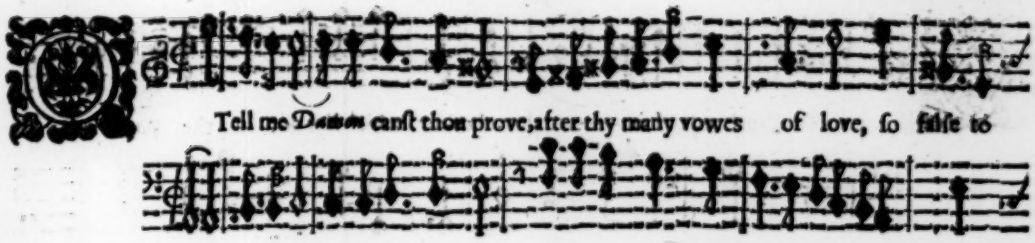
I care not much if ſhe be proud,
A little pride may be allow'd;
The am'rous youth, will pray and prate
Too freely, where he finds no ſtate.

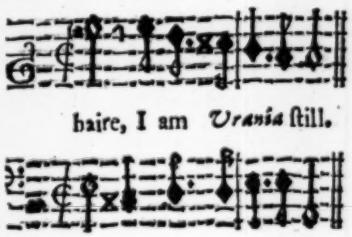
Then I would have her full of wit,
So ſhe knows how to huſwife it;
For ſhe whoſe inſolence will dare
To cry her wit, will ſhew her ware.

Laſt, I would have her loving be,
(Miſtake me not) to none but me;
She that loves one, and loves one more,
She'l love a Kingdome o're and o're.

for 'tis too late, rules to pre—ſcribe un—to my fate. Mr. William Webb.
O: that I wiſh my Miſtreſſe or more or leſſe then what ſhe is, write I theſe lines;
4. 3. Voc. Cantus Secundus.
a. 3. Voc. Baſſus.
Ot that I wiſh my Miſtreſſe, or more, or leſſe then what ſhe is, write I theſe lines.
for 'tis too late rules to preſcribe un—to my fate. Mr. William Webb.

a 3. Voc. *Cantus Primus.* Mr. *William Webb.*





How didſt thou wooe with ſighs and teares,
To undoe me in my bloome of yeares?
Then worth the love of every Swaine,
Who freely would on me beſtow
Whole flocks, as white as Virgin ſnow,
But I did all diſdaine.

Or if thou wert reſolv'd to wound
Me with thy ſcorn, could none be found
To be the darling of thine eyes,
But ſervile Mopſa, whoſe beſt fate
Was on my flock, and me to wait,
Ah ill-bred Shepharde ſſe?

O may that Charme upon her fall
Betray thy heart to love diſgrace,
And to her pride, thou triumph be:
Dye for her love, as I for thine,
No ſhepherds tear bedew thy ſhrine
A juſt revenge for me.

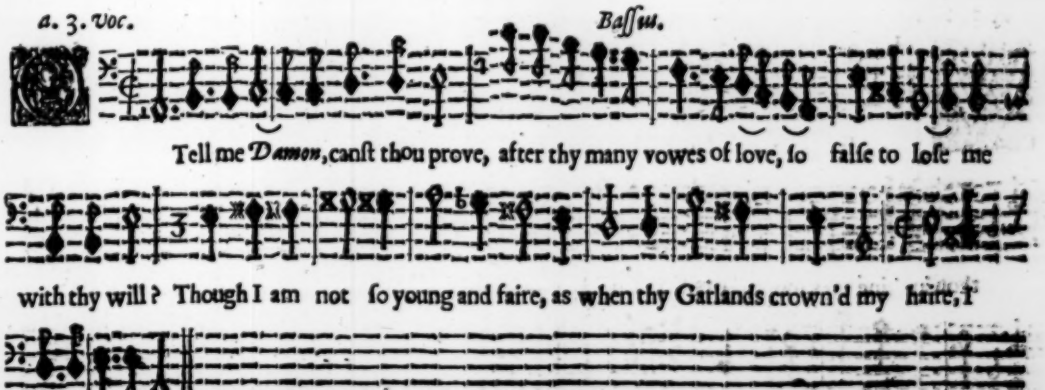
my haire, I am *Urania* ſtill. Mr. *William Webb.*

with thy will? Though I am not ſo yong and faire, as when thy Garlands crown'd

Tell me *Damon*, canſt thou prove, after thy many vows of love, ſo falſe to loſe me

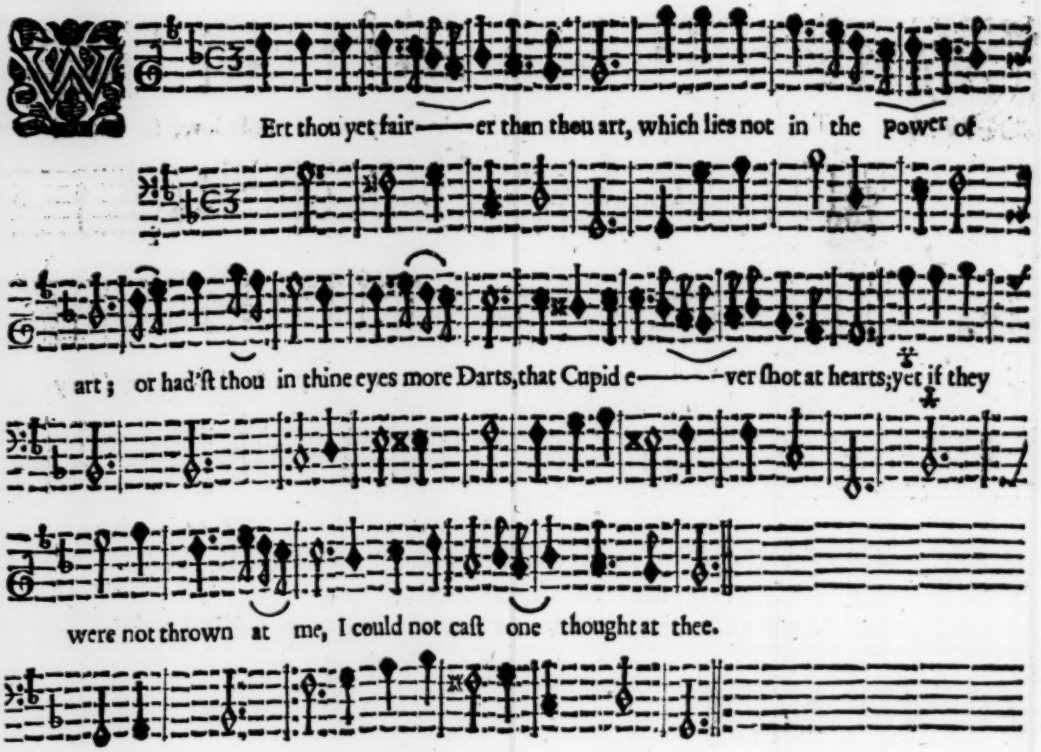
a. 3. Voc. *Cantus Secundus.*

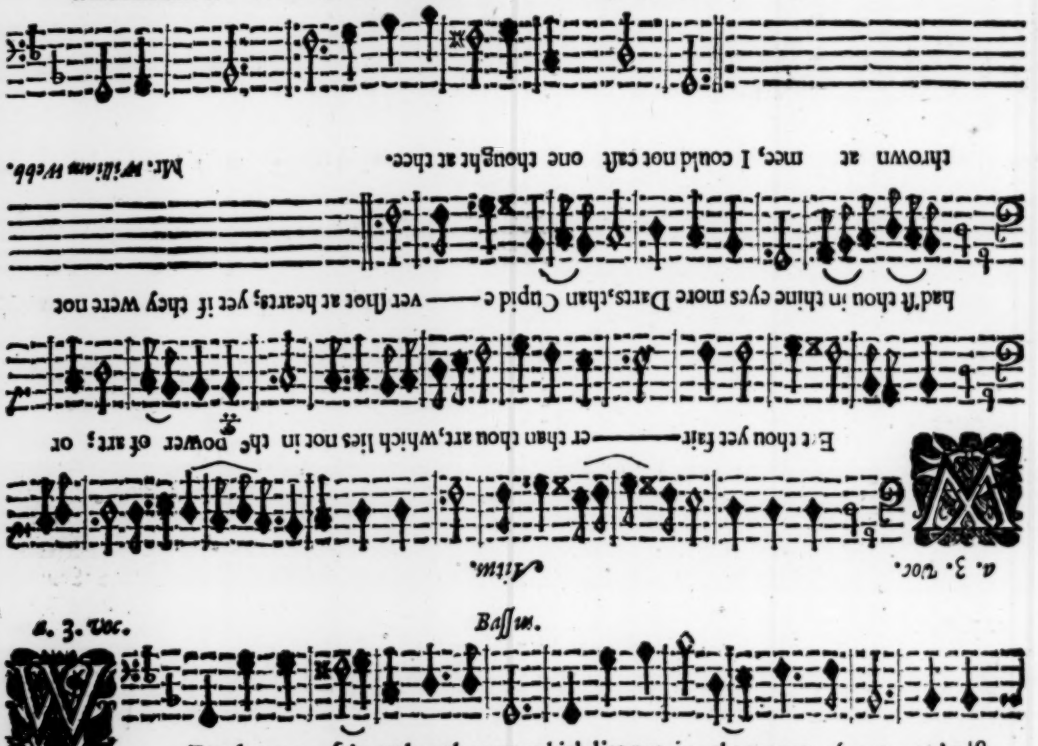
a. 3. *Voc.* *Baſſus.*



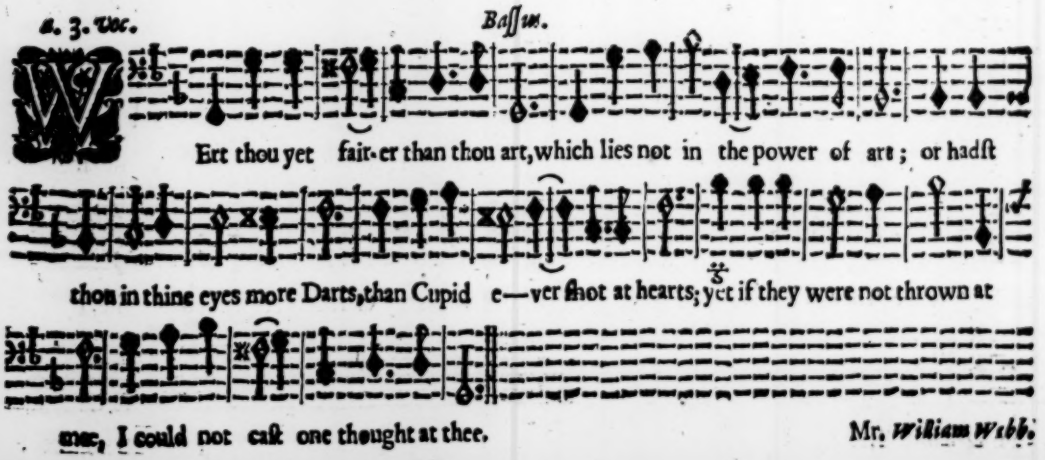
am *Urania* ſtill. Mr. *William Webb.*

a. 3. Voc. Cantus. Mr. William Webb.

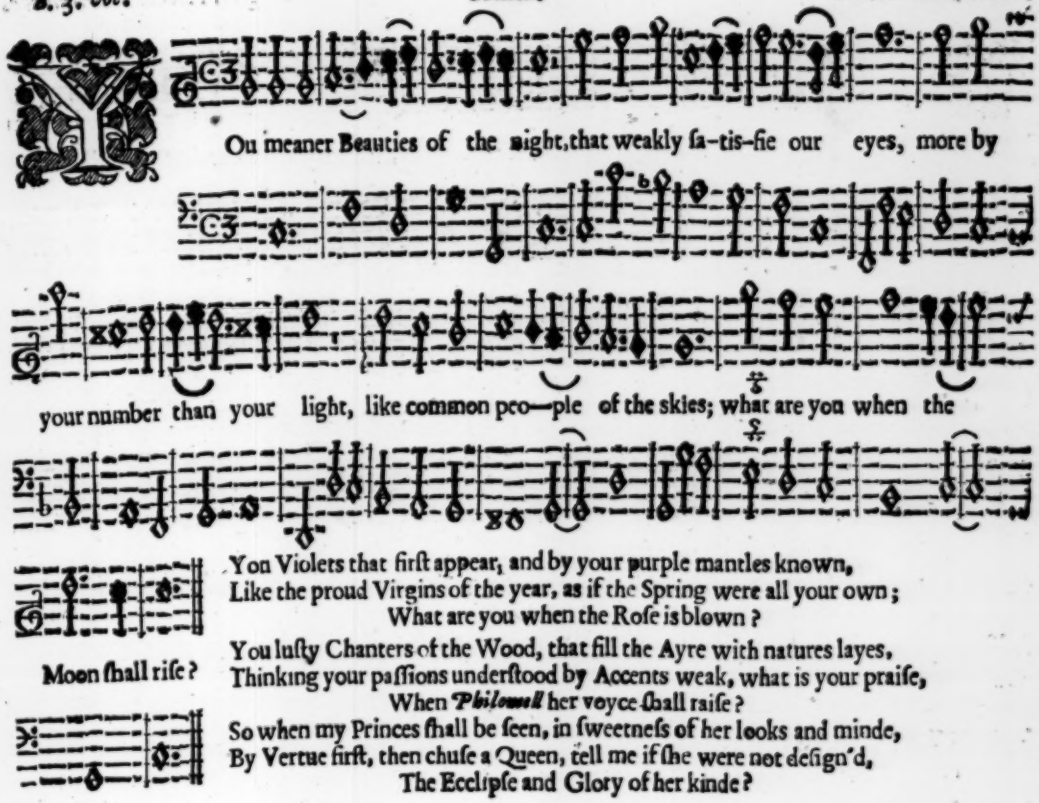




a. 3. Voc. Baſſus.

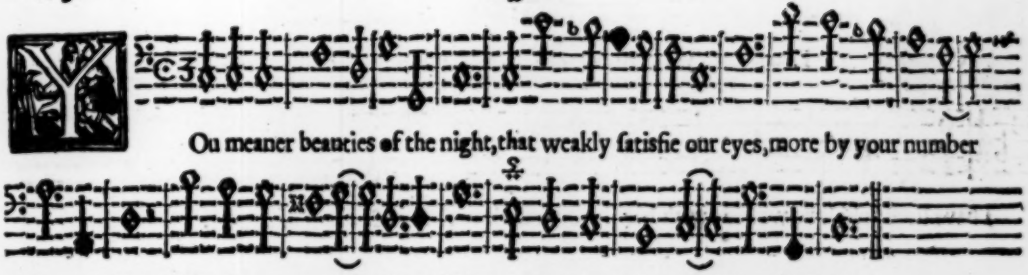


a. 3. Voc. *Cantus.* Mr. *william webb.*



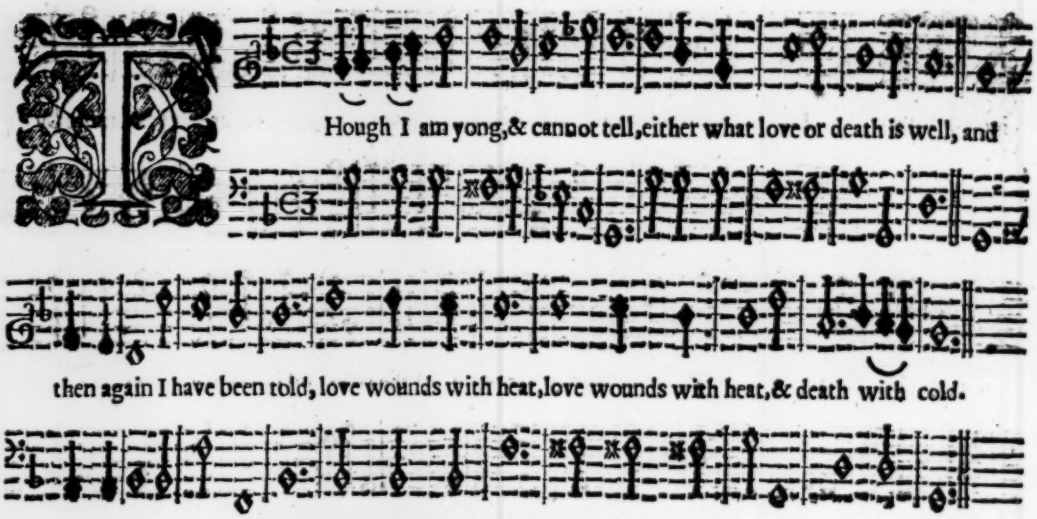
Mr. William webb.
num-ber than your light,like common peo—ple of the skies;what are you when the Moon ſhall riſe?
Ou meaner Beau-ties of the night,that weakly ſatis—fie our eyes,more by your
a. 3. Voc. Bassus.

a. 3. Voc. *Bassus.*



Mr. *william webb.*

a. 3. Voc. *Cantus Primus.* Mr. *Nicholas Lanneare.*



Hough I am yong,& cannot tell,either what love or death is well, and

then again I have been told, love wounds with heat,love wounds with heat,& death with cold.

Yet I have heard they both beare darts,
And both doe aime at humane hearts;
So that I feare they doe but bring
Extreams to touch, and meane one thing.

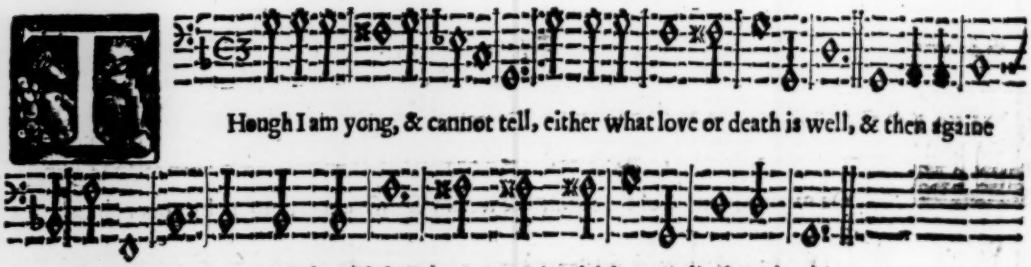
Mr. *Nicholas Lanneare.*

then again I have been told,love wounds with heat,& death with cold.

Hough I am yong,& cannot tell, either what love or death is well, and

a. 3. Voc. *Cantus Secundus.*

a. 3. Voc. *Bassus.*

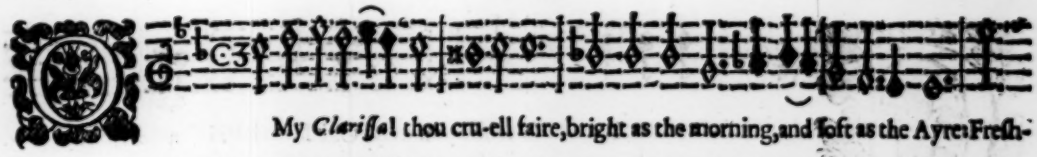


Hough I am yong, & cannot tell, either what love or death is well, & then againe

I have been told,love wounds with heat,love wounds with heat,& death with cold.

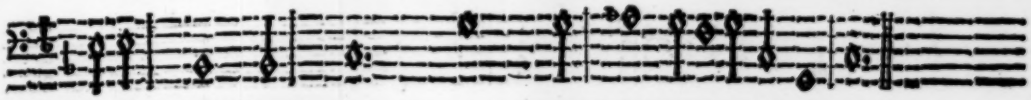
Mr. *Nicholas Lanneare.*

a. 3. Voc. *Cantus.* Mr. *William Lawes.*



My *Clariſſa!* thou cru-ell faire, bright as the morning, and ſoft as the Ayre: Freſh-

-er then flowers in *May*, yet far more ſweet then they; Love is the ſubject of my prayer.



When firſt I ſaw thee, I felt a flame,
Which from thine Eyes like lightning came;
Sure it was Cupid's Dart,
It pierc't quite through my heart,
Oh, could thy breaſt once feele the ſame!

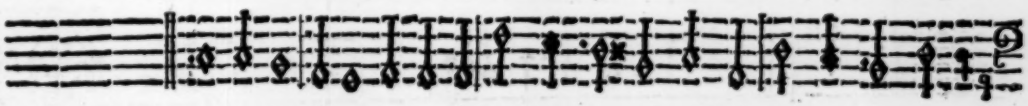
A wound ſo powerfull would urge thy ſoule,
Spight of a froward heart, coyneſs controule,
And make thy love as fixt
As is the heart thou prik'ſt,
Forcing thee with me to condole.

Let not ſuch Fortune my Love betyde;
Oh, let your rocky breaſt be mollifi'd!
Send me not to my Grave
Unpittyed, like a ſlave;
How can love ſuch uſage abide?

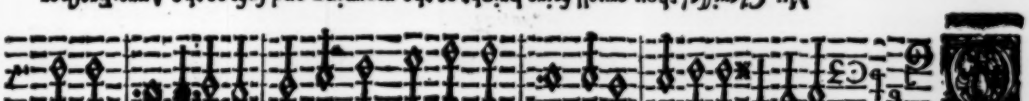
Simpathize with me a while in griefe,
This paſſion quickly will find out reliefe;
Cupid will from his Bowers
Warm theſe chill hearts of ours,
And make his power rule there in chiefe.

Then would the God of love equall bee,
Giving me eaſe, as by wounding thee;
Then would you never ſcorn,
When like to me you burn;
At leaſt not prove unkind to mee.

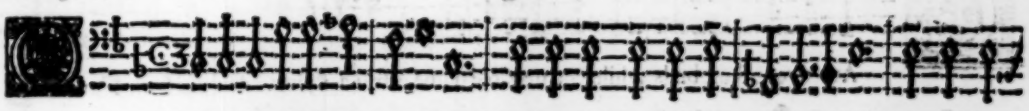
then flowers in *May*, yet far more ſweet then they; Love is the ſubject of my prayer. Mr. *W. Lawes.*



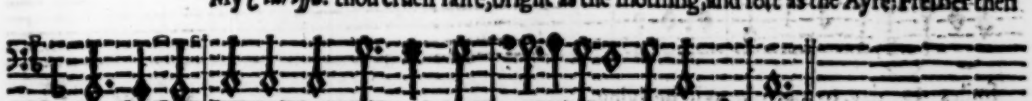
My *Clariſſa!* thou cruell faire, bright as the morning, and ſoft as the Ayre: Freſher



a. 3. Voc. *Baſſus.*

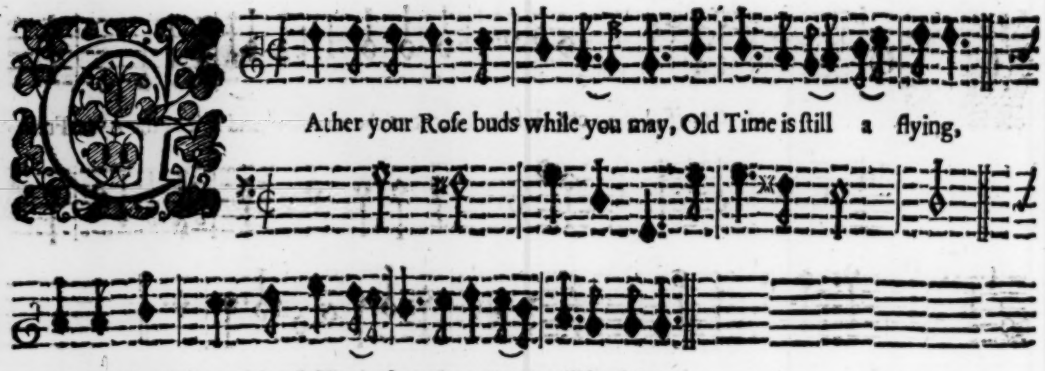


My *Clariſſa!* thou cruell faire, bright as the morning, and ſoft as the Ayre: Freſher then



flowers in *May*, yet far more ſweet then they; Love is the ſubject of my prayer. Mr. *William Lawes.*

A. 3. Voc. *Cantus Primus.* Mr. *William Lawes.*



Ather your Roſe buds while you may, Old Time is ſtill a flying,

And that ſame Flower that ſmiles to day, to morrow will be dying.

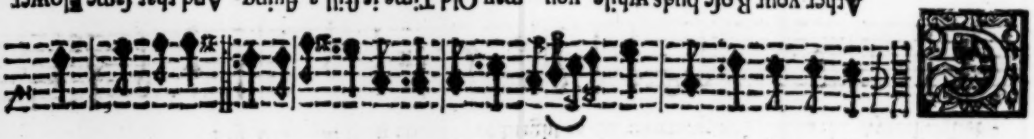
The glorious Lampe of Heaven, the Sun,
The higher he is getting,
The ſooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to ſetting.

That Age is beſt that is the firſt,
While youth and blood are warmer,
Expect not the laſt and worſt,
Time ſtill ſucceeds the former.

Then be not coy, but uſe your time,
While you may goe marry,
For having once but loſt your prime,
You may for ever tarry.

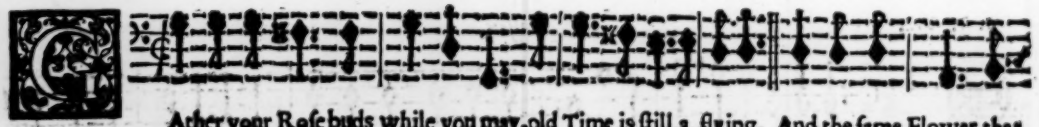
Mr. *William Lawes.* that ſmiles to day, to morrow will be dying.

Ather your Roſe buds while you may, Old Time is ſtill a flying. And that ſame Flower



A. 3. Voc. *Tenor.*

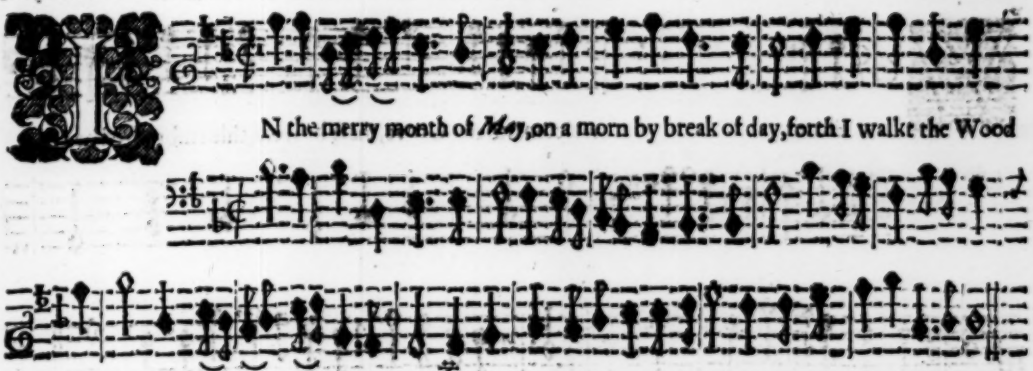
A. 3. Voc. *Baſſus.*



Ather your Roſe buds while you may, old Time is ſtill a flying, And the ſame Flower that

ſmiles to day, to morrow will be dying. Mr. *William Lawes.*

a. 3. Voc. *Cantus Primus.* Dr. *Wilson.*

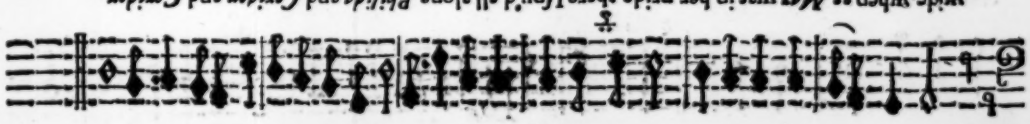


Much adoe there was God wot,
He did love, but she could not;
He sayd his love was ever true,
She sayd, none was false to you;
He sayd, he had lov'd her long,
She sayd, love should take no wrong.

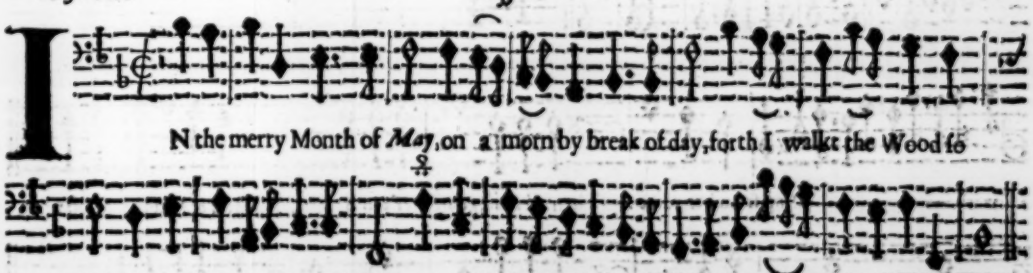
Coridon would have kist her then,
She sayd, Mayds must kisse no Men,
Till they kisse for good and all,
Then she bad the Shepheard call
All the Gods to witness truth,
Ne'r was loved so fair a youth.

Then with many a pretty Oath,
As Yea and Nay, and Faith and Troth;
Such as silly Shepheards use,
When they would not love abuse;
Love which had been long deluded,
Was with kisses sweet concluded.

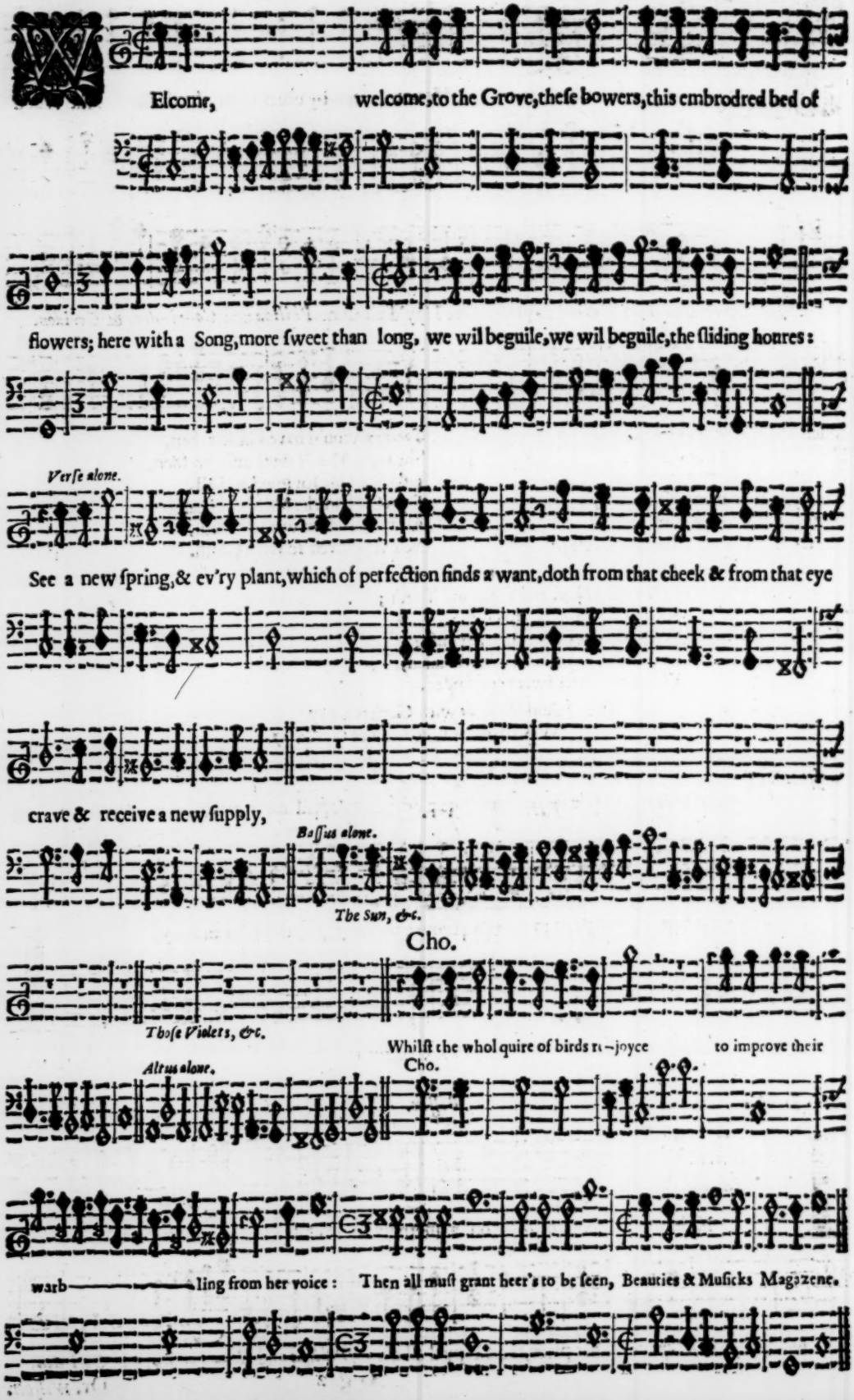
And *Philida* with Garlands gay
Was Crowned the Lady of the *May*.

Dr. *Wilson.*
wide, When as *May* was in her pride, there I spy'd all alone, *Philida* and *Coridon*, and *Coridon*.

IN the merry Month of *May*, on a morn by break of day, forth I walkt the Wood so
Cantus Secundus.
a. 3. Voc.

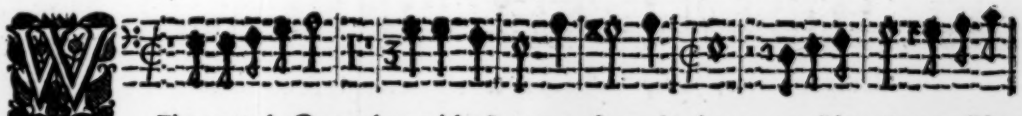
a. 3. Voc. *Bassus.*



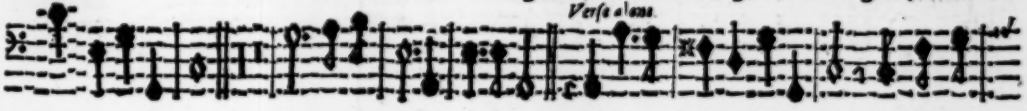
a. 3. Voc. *Cantus.* Mr. *William Smegergill alias Cæſar.*



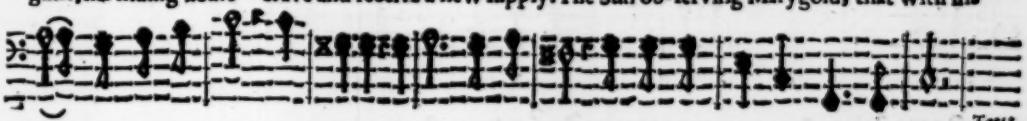
a. 3. Voc. *Bassus.*



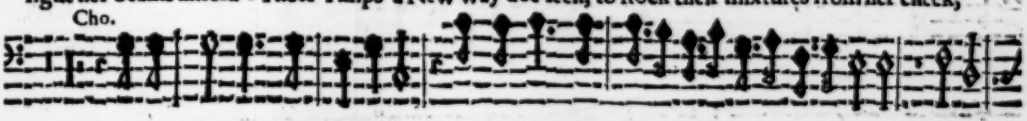
Elcome to the Grove, here with a Song more sweet then long, we wil beguile, we wil be-



-guile, the sliding hours crave and receive a new supply: The Sun ob-serving Marygold, that with his



light her beams unfold: Those Tulips a New way doe seek, to stock their mixtures from her cheek,

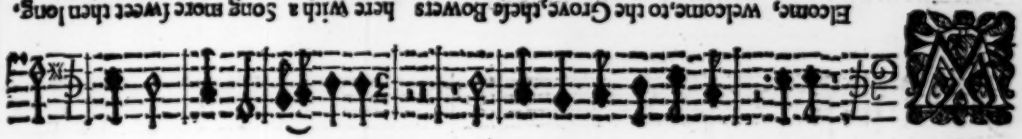


whilst the whole quire of Birds rejoyce, to improve their warb——— ———ling from her

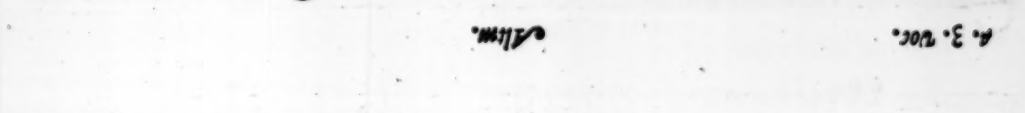
voyce: Then all must grant heer's to be seen, Beauties and Musicks Magazine.

Mr. *William Smegergill alias Cæsar*

a. 3. Voc. *Altus.*



Elcome, welcome, to the Grove, these Bowers here with a Song more sweet then long,



we will beguile, we will beguile, the sliding houres crave and receive a new supply: Those

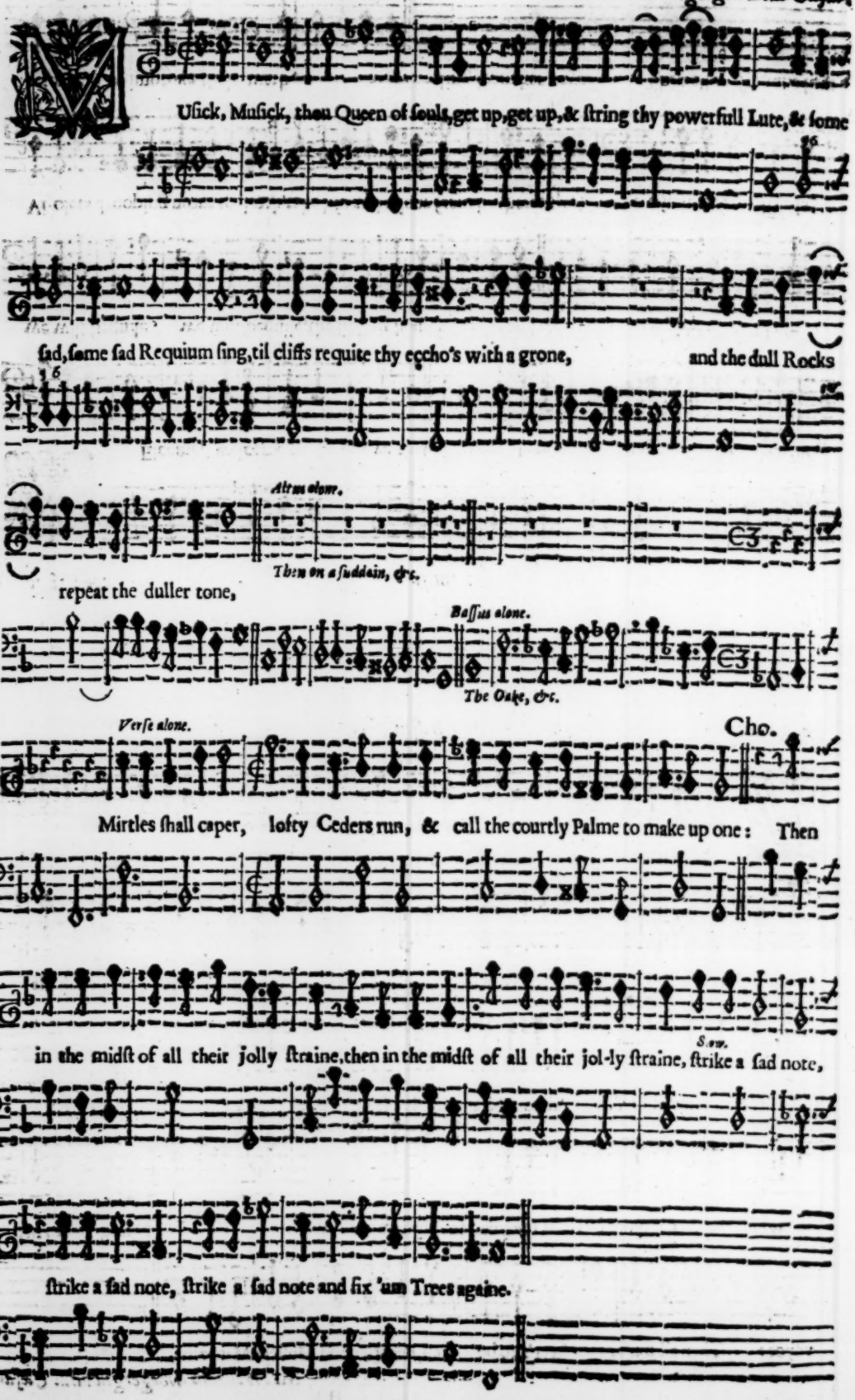
Vi-olets drooping neare to death, take life and odour from her breath; whilst the whole quire of Birds

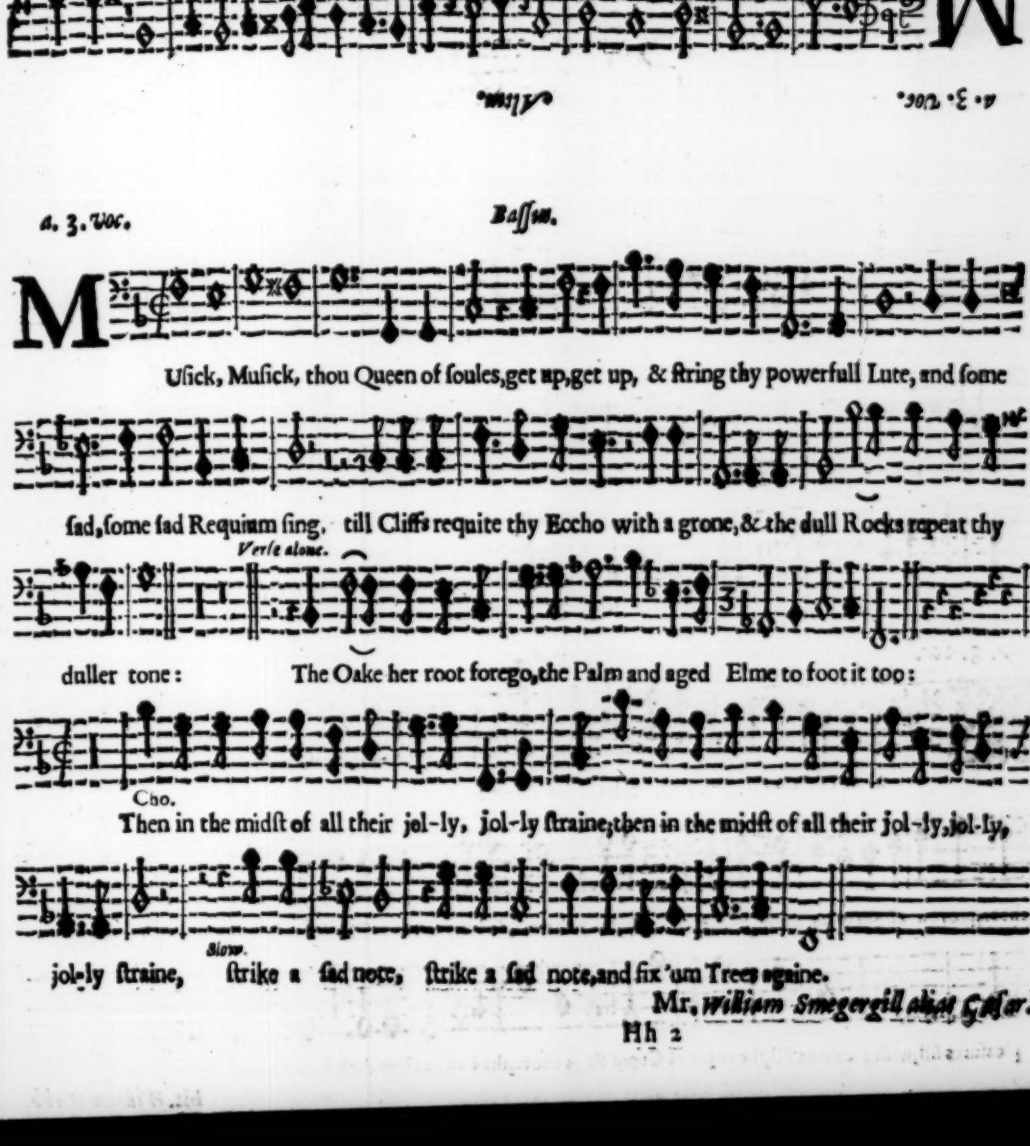
rejoyce, to improve their warb——— ———ling from her voyce: Then all must grant here's

to be seen, Beauties and Musicks Ma---gazine.

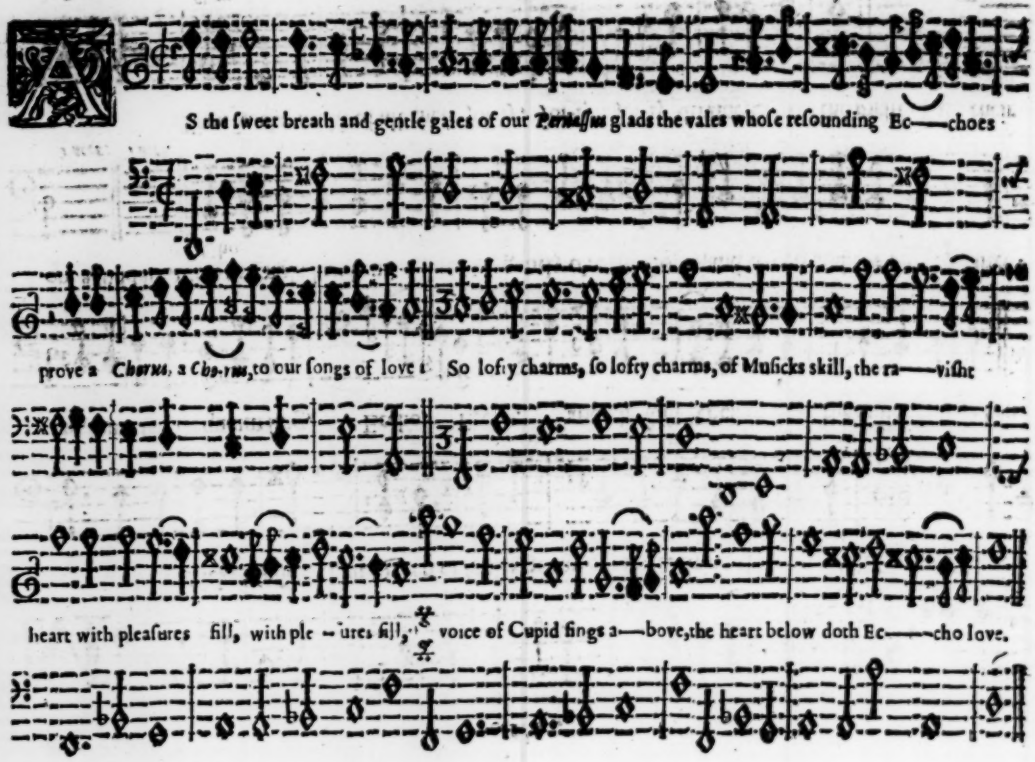
Mr. *William Smegergill alias Cæsar.*

a. 3. Voc. *Cantus.* *Mr. william Smeegill alias Cæſar.*

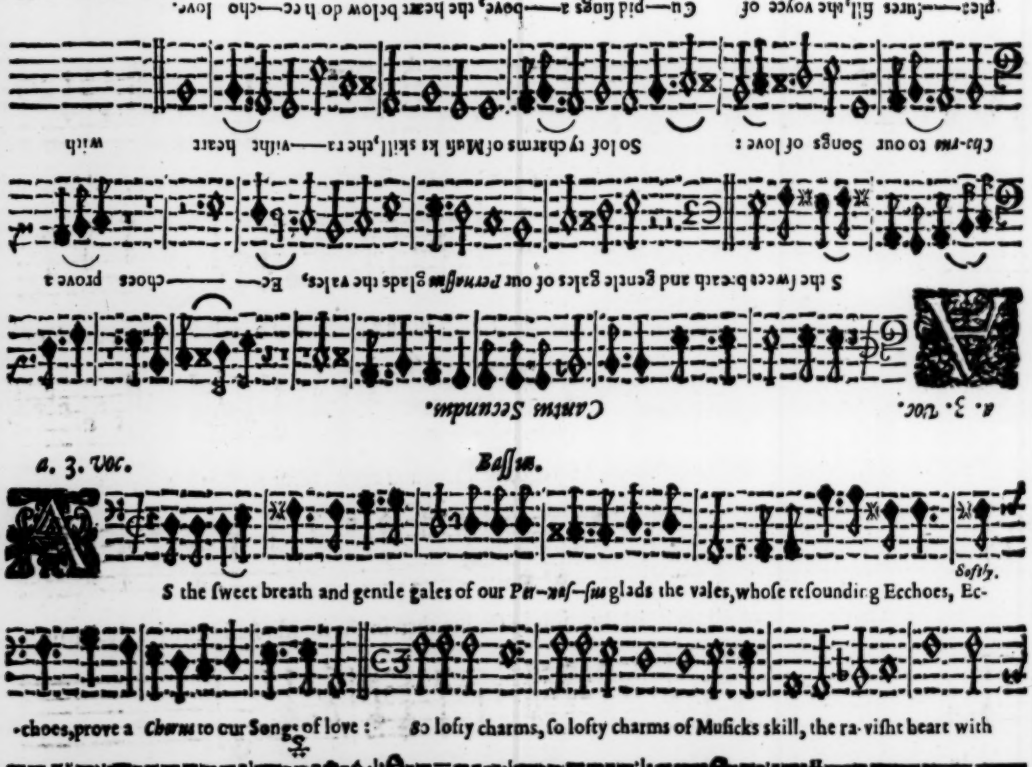



a. 3. Voc.
Bassus.
Musick, Musick, thou Queen of soules, get up, get up, & string thy powerfull Lute, and some
sad, some sad Requiem sing, till Cliffs requite thy Eccho with a grone, & the dull Rocks repeat thy
Verse alone.
duller tone: The Oake her root forego, the Palm and aged Elme to foot it too:
Cho.
Then in the midst of all their jol-ly, jol-ly straine, then in the midst of all their jol-ly, jol-ly,
Slow.
jol-ly straine, strike a sad note, strike a sad note, and fix 'um Trees againe.
Mr. William Smegergill alias Cæsar.

a. 3. Voc. *Cantus Primus.* Mr. *William Webb.*

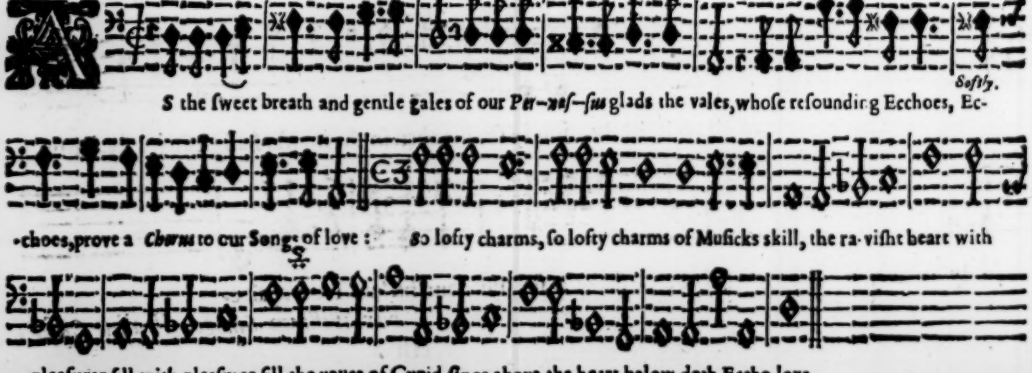


Mr. *William Webb.*



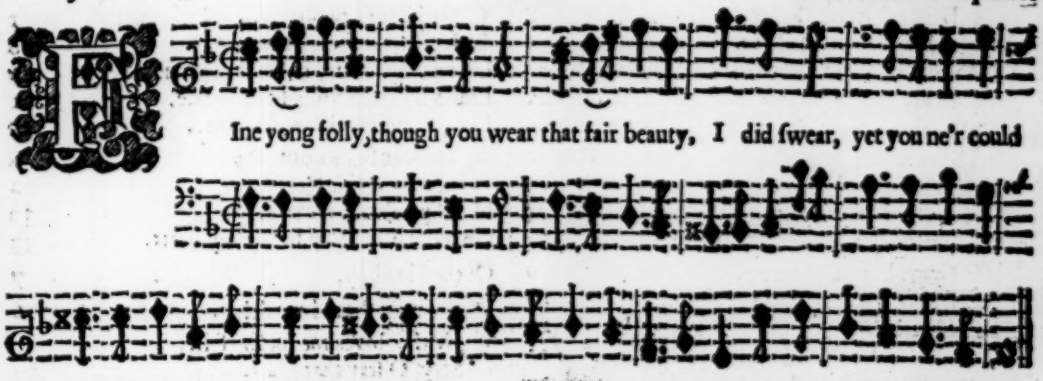
a. 3. Voc. *Cantus Secundus.*

a. 3. Voc. *Baſſus.*



Mr. *William Webb.*

a. 3. Voc. *Cantus.* Mr. *William Tompkins.*



Fine yong folly, though you wear that fair beauty, I did ſwear, yet you ne'r could reach my heart, for we courtiers learn to ſchool only with your ſex to fool, y'ar not worth our ſerious part.

When I ſigh and kiſſe your hand,
Croſſe mine Armes, and wondring ſtand,
Holding fairly with your eye:
Then dilate on my deſires,
Swear the Sun ne'r ſhot ſuch fires,
All is but a handſome lye.

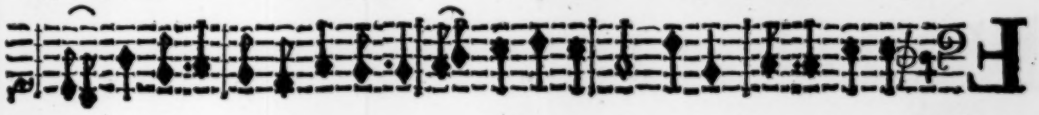
When I eye your Curles or Lace,
Gentle ſoule, you think your face
Straight, ſome murder doth commit
And your conſcience doth begin
To be ſcrup'lous of my ſin,
When I court to ſhew my wit.

Wherefore, Madam, wear no Cloud,
Nor to check my flames grow proud,
For inſooth I much do doubt;
'Tis the powder in your hair,
Not your breath perfumes the Ayre,
And your cloaths that ſet you out.

Yet though truth hath this confeſt,
And I ſwear I love in jeſt,
Courteous ſoule, when next I court,
And proteſt an amorous flame,
You'l vow I in earneſt am,
Bedlam, this is pritty ſport.

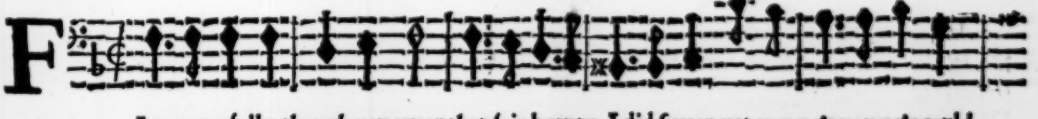
reach my heart, for we courtiers learn at ſchool, only with your ſex to fool, y'are not worth our ſerious part.

Fine yong folly, though you wear that fair beauty, I did ſwear, yet you ne'r could



a. 3. Voc. *Cantus.*

a. 3. Voc. *Baſſus.*



Fine yong folly, though you wear that fair beauty, I did ſwear, yet you ne'r, you ne'r could reach my heart, for we courtiers learn at ſchool, only with your ſex to fool, y'ar not worth our ſerious part.

FINIS.

The Table to the first Book of Ayres, for a Voice alone to the Theorbo or Baſſe Viol.

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A Willow Garland thou didſt ſend, 20
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By all the Glories, 11
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